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## LOST LILIES.

BY ALICE CARY.

Show you her picture? Here it lies!
Gushes of hair, and fly-like blue
Mouth that is bright as a rose, and eyes
That look out into mine and view overthrow

During shudders, softly pale,
Borne by the bright breast of Hope,
Of the life where the surf of Hell yet,
Like the sea of the waves o' the May.

Thrown as wide as the throat of a swan,
Just to show how it rises and falls;
Just hands, folded upon
With chastity," like the lady of old.

Tender the feet dropped down,
Light as the light that goes over a bird;
But, with a golden glory in the brown,
And brown again in the glossy gold.

There on your eyes (for a eyelashes),
And you marvel not at my love, I see,
But it was all one, and it was not all,
That made her the angel she was to me.

So sure the picture and yet it lyes;
Your fancy is only thus subdued;
What can the best, most exactitude say,
When the spirit and life of the life is fled?

Paint long hours, and never alone,
And thine to the screen—a weary space;
The watery light of the sun
Have drawn the curtain over her face!

Screen and never more, and thine,
The leaves have faded to death in the frost,
Since the cheek that made for me
The warm a shadow, my pathway crossed!

And now and then some sudden gleam
Has broken the gloom of my life apart,
For the early frost of autumn revisited frosts
Has slid like sunshine into my heart.

Not now a picture, dead and still,
And never a rainbow, brave and fine,
And never the beauty and of a hill
Has made the cloud of my life to shine.

Yet God is love, and Love is true,
Though summer is over and sweetness done,
Until my lilies are safe in the dew,
As they were in the glow of the great, glad sun.

Yea, God is love, and Love is right,
Mighty as surely to love as to mass,
And the dearest weighing in death's dark light
Is the reservation of life shall scale.

## NORWOOD;

OR,

## VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Henry Ward Beecher, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

### CHAPTER XXVII.

ROSE WENTWORTH'S ART SCHOOL.

Norwood, October 10, 1857.

"A discovery, my dear Mrs. Winchester!—a discovery! We are relieved! I don't mean that you don't care, but that you have a suspicion of that. But Miss Rose and her mother are our relations! But let me tell it in the order of history.

"The next morning after the runaway in which Miss Rose and I figured, I made my call to inquire for the ladies' safety; and when I left I became very anxious about my own—that is, the health of my heart. The Wentworths live in a grand old mansion, surrounded with grander old trees. I'm going to send you some studies of them. The house is of ample, and from the gate to the house it is some sixty paces. As I was walking up, looking on one side and the other at the fine flower-border, and up into the tops of the high forest elms, and half thinking on the proper things to say, Miss Rose herself appeared at the door, and advanced to meet me, with a cordiality as warm as if she had known me as long as I have you. I was glad to see her mother, for which I knew not how to describe—I'll forgot the word—but the Wentworth called upon me last night, and I have been busy with me, and have told about my family connections, so that Miss Rose was spared the awkwardness of inquiring who I was. You used to tell me, mother dear, that boys could not understand how matters felt. Now, my mother dear, allow me to remind you that matters cannot go on as they have been. For instance, how I felt when a noble woman, of perfect self-possession, with a countenance beaming with sympathy, looked me full in the face with an unreserving look of real gratitude! You know I thought myself rather an accomplished man; but, upon my word, it seemed to me for about five minutes that I was a fool. And while she was, in her perfectly self-possessed and I was confused. Her manner was that of a schoolmaster, either, nor of a strong-minded woman. It was engagingly graceful. I've used what we call large, in a picture. I don't know—she seemed to me like a easily, in the whole body was only a wick, and her spirit, surrounding it, was like the flame—not like a flame, which is a centre, surrounded by an atmosphere of fragrance. Do you begin to see another? If not her, do you see me?—that I am intoxicated,—an idol-over-skipper—intelligent given up and gone to pieces. Don't be alarmed or jealous. I am, as usual, in a tumult of admiration,—but she had given me an errand of charity to a near manufacturing neighborhood, and was returning with this young and high-spirited horse. Just as she entered the village a policeman's cart, full of the wars and all manner of trumpery, had wandered off and taken the barefooted horse along with it. The animal was feeding, without regard to the convenience of the wagon, and working its way more and more up a very steep hank. Just as Rose came past, the upper wheel mounting a stone, the cart came over boldly, and down toward her came the shining stream of cups, pans, strainers, collanders, graters, and the whole catalogue of Yankee notions. Her horse was thoroughly scared. Neither her reins nor the reins could manage him. He made a sweep with his head, his fright grew with the very speed at which he fled from danger. His nostrils bearing, as she told her—Rose was such an exact mate upon flesh and blood before! If my horse had not done it for both of us, I do believe that I should have run away myself from such a clatter and the sight of such a motley mess of kitchen utensils!"

"Mrs. Wentworth, you should know, came from Boston, and as we were talking of Cambridge and of you, and your attendance there, she said that she had cousins of the name of Landon; and so we fell to the pursuit of relationship, and at length it turned out that she was your third cousin. I came and saw Miss Rose on her bow, and begged her to accept as a relation her fourth cousin—Frank Hill!

"It seems, too, on further talk, that we have many common acquaintances in and about Boston. She spent three years there, partly at Prof. Agassiz' school and partly in the study of music and art. I am charmingly at home already, in her eyes. I have really a kind of liking for Dr. and Mrs. Wentworth invited me, with the manner of command, to make myself free to call with them. And never was the virtue of obedience more cheerfully rendered. Rose came before the tea-table, on runaway horse, and before the brother had left. Two good occasions in one day!

October 26th.

"I am going to school! I have found a real academy of art! Dr. Wentworth knows everything. He is like the coast of Maine when I sketched last summer,—it makes no difference where you come, you find the shore. It is done water at once. You know that I am not overconceited, but am little as well as, and yet by an artist. But is not in human nature not to put on some slight appearance of knowledge, and, wishing to inspire respect in Miss Rose for my abilities, I thought I could easily conceal from my own department!

"I don't know how she did it, but in an hour I felt as though I were a born fool. Miss Rose has the kindest heart and the most fruitful tongue that I ever met! She is tender of every body's feelings, and yet can use a knife like a pen, and not see every thing to clearer flight, in higher relations, with a more minute accuracy, and the advancement in one's own perceptions works in him the most delightful way imaginable. When I am alone, Nature seems to me a vast congeries of wonderful things. But when I walk with Miss Rose, Nature rises before me in new aspects,—she has a unity, a meaning, a fruitfulness of sentiment that I never dreamed of. Does she always say this? Or is it that she suggests new ideas? I don't know; probably both. She knows every plant that grows in this region in the same easy and natural way that she knows all the children. She can tell me the florid existence of every month. She knows the structure of every vegetable physiologically, of course; but, in her way of conceiving things, I don't believe she ever thought of it. She knows, inexorably, under her influence, regarding these groups of plants as forming a world of sentient life. Miss Rose speaks of the dispositions of plants, of their ways, as if they were subject to as much in the same way that one would of one's neighbors. I believe that my self-conceit with birds, insects, and animals as she is with the vegetable kingdom!

She made a remark, yesterday, that struck me.

"It was evident that she knew the God to create, and what He thinks of importance enough to mention in the Bible, and consequently thought it seem to intelligent persons of sufficient importance for them to study.

"At another time she said:

"'I have found Hill's natural world "God's Book of Nature,"—which means, I suppose, the Bible of Nature.' And I put down Miss Rose that each pair has something distinctive in it. The doctor fancies that there are certain analogies between plants and thoughts or sentiments, and his whole ground is arranged upon some basis of mental philosophy, which Miss Rose promises that her father shall unfold to me.

"I am sure I never saw such a collection of wild flowers, Cucumberleaves before, and though this evening they were shut up, all except the Bee-tree, which appears at evening and closes in the morning, she found enough to do with her specimens. She knows them all by name, including the blossoms and at evening the foliage,' and 'of all flowers, the Bee-tree is the most remarkable in sentiment—of all that grow in these woods.'

"What sentiment do you suppose a flower to have? Why, I mean to hear what she will say, and I would say than to criticise her remark.

"Rose has a number of botanical tangles in him that looks on it. What do you think of the Bee-tree, with its 'bee' flowers and its ghosts in full bloom?' Why I should think it was a tree of the Holy Ghost, if I believe in any article!' Why should an artist see any more than a botanist? Is not a man content not to be nature what it is not given to see?

"But a man cannot see what is not to be seen.

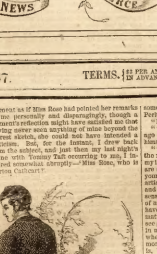
"That's a blind man's reason for not being a guide to others.

"But, what do you see, Miss Rose, that I do not?

"Perhaps nothing. I am not an artist. You see. Many think they are artists because they have facility in copying what they see. But this is as if a man should copy a Spanish poem in beautiful handwriting, without understanding a word of the language, and then call himself a poet?

"I felt the color come in my face. A man does not like to be held up between the finger and thumb, as if he were a butterfly, to see even if he operates in a beautiful girl, and her face full of quiet roguery and her manner ever so grave.

"I certainly did not intend rudeness in saying no, though I remembered it. It seemed for my moment as if Miss Rose had pointed her remarks to me personally and disparagingly, though a moment's reflection might have satisfied me that having never seen anything of mine beyond the merest sketch, she could not have intended a criticism. But, for the instant, I drew back from the subject, and just then had a little scene with Tommy Tall occurring to me, I interrupted him abruptly—Miss Rose, who is Burton Calhoun?



["MISS ROSE, WHO IS BURTON CALHOUN?"]

"The moment I had said it I felt that it looked like a sudden question designed to surprise her confidence. It is bad form, it would have failed of its end, she certainly looked surprised, but neither angry nor annoyed. I learned to respect her intelligence still more in her reply. Talk, which amused her not a little. I added:

"'Mr. Wentworth, you really must pardon my rude and unintentional suspicions character, determined to prove me in his confidence.'

"Miss Rose was even more amused at Tommy Tall's supposed vigilance. She was so pelting a touch here, a laugh, another touch, another laugh. Then I thought a certain embarrassment upon her face. It was but a transient shadow.

"'I owed much to Burton Calhoun, I wonder! I said to him that you knew Burton Calhoun, and that you would recommend him to call, for he will have graduated then, and will be in Washington, you said, and so may become a useful acquaintance

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young ladies, the gentlemen were sitting under the grand elm conversing. This is a wonderful tree. It is the Doctor's temple. Probably no tree in the state has heard so much discussion as this one. It was a glorious sunset. The air was calm. The whole atmosphere was saturated with a vaporous golden light. It was a translucent fluid, and its waves rolled upward to the very zenith. A strange glow fell upon all the things. Trees and houses seemed gorgeous, and were transfigured. At its height, as marked had this moment, that people were calling to each other to come out and see the sunset. We all went forth. Mrs. Rose shaded her eyes, and looked with a solemn rapture full at the sun, now tempered in the peaceful atmosphere to a mildness tolerable to the eye. Miss Alice sat as if she were fallen into a trance. Mrs. Rose treated nature in an obliging way, as if she felt it proper to recognize the very polite and agreeable manner in which the sun was taking leave.

"I am strongly affected by Miss Rose, as by no other person in the world! I am drawn to her irresistibly. She is good, she is true, she is simple, she is beautiful, and yet this fascination is not for me," she solemn me. I do not find the exhilaration in her presence that I do with others. Like several dreams; nature has given me the less power to stir my soul, even if she does not influence my heart."

"As irritable name on, the gentlemen were summoned to tea. This did mention season made for hospitality. The very air in it seems to whisper to every one, Be happy. Perhaps, in own darling nature, never was so motherly a woman as Mrs. Rose. Womanhood in her is genial, often gay, and occasionally brilliant. Its sunniness never has shadows beaun from her face. Sadness, the expression of it kindness is a rich nature it seem more beautiful than any expression of intellect! I have put in my note-book: 'Beauty is of the disposition. Love is the type of perfect beauty.'

"Every one did what pleased him. No one was pursued with nothing disagreeable. I wish I could repeat the half of what was said during the evening; but it could not be done. I have jotted down in my note-book many things that on artificial remembrance and knowledge.

"The autumn is growing more gorgeous. Every day is splendid, and yet the most splendid one. And every gay has a secret joy, to me more dear than all the colors of the trees express, that on pleasant vacation will so soon end in a job more pleasant coming home! Ah, I shall miss many are the unexpected breath of this visit. I am ashamed. A new thought of life is here in me. Should I persevere in the pursuit of art, it will be with a better insight of its meaning and use. I abandon it, it will be from despair of reaching what I can conceive to be a true artistic ide. My heart beats quicker to think how soon I shall see you. Well, yet,—well, good-night, and don't expect to hear from me till you take it from me very lips!"

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A TALE ABOUT MONEY.

While Frank Bell and the young ladies were pleasantly passing the time, there were sitting or lying on the ground, under the great elm, Parson Bould, Judge Bacon, Mr. Edwards, and an eccentric merchant and manufacturer, Mr. Brett by name, whose whole life was pragmatically benevolent, and whose conversation was edifying at him and beating him for not being more benevolent.

Judge Bacon opened upon Mr. Brett.

"Brett, have you noticed Dr. Wentworth's conversion? I wonder you do not add one to your house. I am sure you spend too much money on benevolence. You owe a little now and then to selfishness. Why, my dear fellow, you live so as if you thought it to be your first duty and to enjoy the wealth which a kind Providence has sent you."

Mr. Brett was a nervous man, and talked all over when he became interested.

"Why, Judge, I should think it was Mr. Brett talking if I did not see myself. Your troubles me day by day. But, really, I am not conscious they do the mischief. I—I—do not dare spend on myself while there is so much to be done with money,—so many people in so many ignorant; so many tenements to be built and families to be reported, and factory children to be educated; and, besides, so much to be done for the world abroad!"

"Mark the perfect man! Hear him talk! Why, sir, it is send missionaries to South Africa, it is only fair that you should receive the Cape-Good-Hope returns: if you send Bibles to South America, why not receive ornbills in exchange? We have more Bibles than we can use, and they have more plants. A fair and legitimate commerce. Then, why spend missionaries and import roses, and both parties exchange superfluities for objects of value."

"Come, come, Judge Bacon," said Parson Bould, with a grave smile, for the moment was wholly puzzled at the judge's way of putting duty, "I will be well more men that were sent out to selfishness, as you say brother Brett is."

"But, then, Reverend Sir," said Bacon, "economic mocking tone, "do you not think that he ought to have a concierge in the matter of making benevolence appear plucking and frugal? Benevolence is a fine thing, but it is a fine thing to be done? I shall have to call you a Brett of a fair chance, if you were to put up a greenhouse, take a gardener, and live on a little more luxurious way?"

"You have touched the very point," said Brett,—"heavy. I'm sure that it is my duty to provide my family with the necessaries of life; but luxuries I am not so clear about. I never feel happy when I am persuaded to about them. I have my scruples whether a Christian may, in the present state of the world, indulge in luxuries."

"I'm afraid," replied the beating judge, affecting a manner of great concern, "is that so, my dear brother. You must give me leave to say that I think you, sir, sinning on the side of self-denial. Selfishness, both, upon the whole, is a lenient fault: when a fellow will cut one would equally well spoil your head, at but a quarter the expense! And that glaring violation of economy, a benevolent con, instead of being encouraged. Why, sir, I think there must be a your's schooling on your person for some poor vagabond, and yet you are talking about your conscience?"

"For all that," said Mr. Brett, who made no reference faintly, as if he was not altogether sure but that it might be healthy to entrench the personal expense,—"for all that, I am in doubt of going any there. I have a right to put my own money into a green-house, and to be at the annual expense of hiring for a gardener. When down at the factories there is so much to be done among the workmen, for schools, and churching, and libraries—"

"Brett is a question," said Bould, "and I should like to hear your opinion, gentlemen. I confess that I am puzzled more by the practical application of it than by the principle itself. I have a very good income, and I am sure that I have no wish for the elegant household, but how far, in what rule, to limit it, I do not clearly see."

Judge Bacon, who had the art of being elegant in negligence, was lying upon his side on the ground, with his head resting on his left hand, while with the other he was playing tattoo, as he styled it, to a worm. Laying down the stick in its way, the worm immediately—

"Now," said he, "here is my man, this stick is natural law: if I turn it, he creeps up north; if on, east; if so, south; so that while he thinks he is free, I have him at the end of the stick. Inverting to the four points of the compass."

"No matter about worms," said Bould, "let's solve the minister's practical problem," said Cuthbert.

"Oh, gentlemen, that I might be troubled, as Brett is, with money! I wish I knew how to use it. Brett, exchange with me! Give me your factories, and sinful souls, and ignorance, and do you take my library and penuriuses and books. I'll take the responsibility of the new questions of finance, with which I am already familiar!"

The ex-schoolmaster brought back the question, and saying that he thought no matter was important than to furnish some one by which a Christian man might determine where light ended and Duty began, in the use of wealth.

"You a lawful skirmisher," said the judge, "still his rights are duties, and all his duties rights."

"Well, wine are both put together? How much is to be laid up? How much to be bestowed and self; how largely may to lay out his estate? Now, suppose that I am a rich man, and that I have largely may to lay out his estate? Now, suppose that I am a rich man, and that I have a family of children and a wife? Am I to keep up the high style of living which I have adopted? Am I to keep up the high style of living which I have adopted? Am I to keep up the high style of living which I have adopted

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## "THINKING ABOUT THEE."

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Long months have passed since we parted, my darling!
Since I have listened and chid since that day,
When we took sad in the vine-covered arbor,
Seeking to chase sad remembrance away?
How I have counted the long hours without thee,
Thinking about thee, my darling, my own!
Sincerely, lovingly thinking about thee—
Thinking about thee wherever I roam!

Thinking about thee in sunshine or shadow,
Feeling that life would be nothing without thee!
Loving thee now as fondly and dear—
Thinking about thee is bringing thee near!

Nations were gained on the ocean we parted,
On that fair morn when we sat side by side;
While from your lips those sweet words came, my gentle—
Words that my true heart would jealously hide—

Words that my heart would fondly hide—
Love for thee is the strongest emotion in my breast!
Far from the scenes that first summer holds dear,
Toward home, sweet home, for you and I meet again,
Thinking about thee, as fancy so near—
Thinking about thee, never to doubt thee—
Feeling that life would be nothing without thee!
Loving thee ever so fondly and dear—
Thinking about thee is bringing thee near!

Memory to me is an angel, my darling,
Bringing sweet visions of you to my heart;
While gentle Hope, like a star of the morning,
Points to the future, where love's sunbeams dwell.
Love, love and memory distance I heed not,
Waiting to give me the sweet good-night kiss;
Then in the silence of midnight I'll whisper,
Thinking about thee is exquisite bliss.

Thinking about thee, never to doubt thee—
Feeling that life would be nothing without thee!
Loving thee ever so fondly and dear—
Thinking about thee is bringing thee near!

## HAL DENNING'S SECRET.

BY CAROLINE CHESTON.

"Well now, Hal, I'll tell you! Nor to know what you are going to Philadelphia again for, I don't believe there has been anything to call you there all this time."

"Indeed I have, Harriet—business of the utmost importance. I shall bring you some trifle to bring me this time—very nice."

Miss Harriet Denning tall and spare, and of an uncertain age and dubious temper, looked at her brother severely.

"You won't bring me home anything worth having, Hal, you know. You're sure to buy some thing that is damaged, or else give as much again for it as it is worth."

"This article, my dear sister, is said to be worth more than it will pay for. So, I consider it, in fact, a good enough bargain to atone for all my shortcomings in former purchases. I've had my eyes upon it some time, and am going to Philadelphia on purpose to secure it from any rivalship else."

Mr. Hal Denning spoke with his face averted from his consistently elderly sister, and made a decided grimace as he concluded.

He had his doubts about the article in question selling him, Harriet, who was affectionately fond to please; but as he was thoroughly satisfied of its worth, and had already interested himself in the conclusion of the bargain, he resolved to proceed in it, and to further compensate himself with its nature.

Almost the last words Miss Harriet said to him were "to be sure that he got the worth of his money."

Just five days after, Miss Harriet got a letter, and if it had been a letter machine, it could not have dropped it with a more horrified air than she did any ever yesterday's post-bag. One word fell from her lips as they mirrored in every lineament—

"Murder!"

So if Hal's wife had had his eye on all this time—some little, this, slipped, cryded Miss, who couldn't keep up with her hands in cold water, or travel beyond the door-stone without a carriage for her substance. For the first time in her life, Miss Harriet felt like fainting. We ever such outrageous ingratitude as this! She that had nurtured herself in single blessedness for him and his nephews, to have a little, forward, white-fingered school girl put over her at last!

"If I could tell that she hasn't married me by any how, if she has him, I'll show her. There can't be the slightest of the house while I'm in it, and I've been here too long to have my own soul taken away by his wife."

It was a long time before Hal suspected what was making his pretty Corny so pale and nervous, and ready to cry at anything—a word; and when he began to have an inkling how matters were going, he, too, hoped that time would mend them, for he said nothing of his discovery to either his wife or Corny.

The young husband and wife were very happy, however, in each other, so he or each looked to the other, and no differences rising to mar their domestic peace, Miss Harriet may, and decided that it should be so no longer. Her brother's absence had made a deal of war by her means satisfied with making the young wife a stranger in her own house, and constantly at it at ease. She wished to take from her brother by her hatred, and to set him between between the two. This was for a long time difficult to do, for there was the confidence between them. But after awhile she discovered that Hal had a secret. He was, for such being, in an insatiable curiosity, and was tolerably sharp about grasping at it. Hal had locked most his mystery that she was incapable of planning, but the other secret, that of Corny's, he had found, while he grew red and evidently annoyed at her questioning him, seemed to satisfy her; and partly from pique, partly to gratify her envious dislike of Corny's beauty, he never endeavored to make her uneasy on the subject.

But Corny was naturally clever, and only gifted her innocent eyes in courteous attention while Miss Harriet talked; beyond that, that Miss Harriet was speaking, she seemed to have no interest. Miss Harriet lost her patience entirely.

"I don't think you care for my brother at all as you pretend," she exclaimed, angrily. "If you did, you would have more pains to make his home attractive to him, and not force him to seek the society of others."

Corny looked pale and frightened at this outburst.

"Don't make him happy?" she said, imploringly. "I hope he is happy with me. I think I thought he liked me, and I—oh, I'm so sorry. What shall I do? Please to tell me."

Miss Harriet was crimping one of those wonderful lines that were in the habit of imitating at her neck, and she did not pause in the operation at the sight of Corny's distress.

"It's not my fault if Hal don't find his home what it ought to be, and if your mother or any finger ends off to make him happy, and always would. I suppose you are the first girl sick of his Philadelphia jaunts."

"I don't believe my husband is the least bit tired of me, if that is what you mean," said Corny, indignantly; "and if he is, I choose to find it out for myself."

"Which means that I'm to hold my tongue," Miss Harriet vociferated, in angry amazement at Corny's spirit.

"It means that I don't choose to have anyone say such things to me, and that if anyone does I shall tell Hal, and ask him if it is so."

"I advise you to be careful how you try to poison my brother's mind against me, Mistress Corny," Miss Harriet exclaimed, in a passion. "He'll not be likely to turn against me, who have loved him all his life, for the sake of a young chit he had not heard of a year ago. For my part, I wish he never had seen you. He was all but engaged to Charlotte Simmons, and I believe in my heart he wishes to-day that he had married her."

Having thus delivered herself, Miss Harriet took herself out of the room in a style more emphatic than graceful, banging the door after her, and looking very red in the face. Corny remained confused, however, to cool her, and five more to call her wits together and concentrate herself. She had gone much further than she intended. She had said what she had in the facts in fact, and would not warrant her in saying, and no one knew better than she how groundless were charges she was generally, that it was highly dangerous to really rouse her brother, however forbearing and compliant he was in small matters. She began to tremble with fear at her folly. She was very fond of his little Corny. She knew that in spite of what she had just said, and in an open rupture she had good reason to suspect that he loved her quite the best of it. A little more consideration sufficed to take Miss Harriet back to where Corny sat in a white, statue-like dismay, counting over her words. She looked very miserable.

"Dear Corny," Miss Harriet said, humbly, "I wish you could forget what I have said. Indeed I am cordingly sorried her."

But Corny shrank from her, with a pitiful quiver of the small lips.

"I cannot, you know," she said, with a gurgling sob.

"It was very wrong in me to speak so, but I was angry." Miss Harriet went on: "et course that don't you to tell your brother Charlotte Simmons now, and I shouldn't have mentioned her name, only I thought you knew all this time. And there so much as he does, and getting cross at her because he thinks she ought to write and see. You see, I didn't think it looked quite right for him to write to her, so I never told him I had anything, will you, Corny dear? He would be angry, I know, if he knew what I have said between brother and sister are such dreadful things."

Miss Harriet looked very humble. She did be like Miss Dinsmore so much, so very much she ate at.

"Well," said Miss Harriet, reflectively, and recovering her self-possession at the sight of repentance, and I've heard him say time and again he thought Charlotte would have accepted him if he came."

When Hal Denning came home that evening, Corny sat pale and quiet before the fire, and to his anxious inquiries about her health, only answered feel well, which was true enough. Whether his mistress was well or ill, Miss Harriet had said nothing then, but sat down near her and talked with an air of unusual interest and kindness into the fire.

As he sat thus, Corny furtively watching him, a servant brought in a note, and gave him. Corny could not help seeing that it was directed in a very delicate, delicate hand, and her eyes followed his movements as he broke the envelope as he opened it and glanced over the contents. Miss Harriet, who had seen the note helped the look she gave toward the bottom of the page, and Hal's manner suddenly changed in her presence, he lifted it toward the light. It was short enough to read quickly.

He turned suddenly and looked at his wife, who was watching him with a strange expression, the note and put it away.

"Did you wish to see me, asked, quickly, but with a pretense of carelessness, through which his anxiety was too apparent.

"I am only the signalman," Corny said, coldly. He thought it was a letter from you, and I am taking his hat, went out, and did not return for some time.

Miss Harriet sat by. Her face said volumes: and she looked from one to the other in cold satisfaction through the evening were not calculated to improve the temper of the young husband.

At breakfast, the next morning, Miss Harriet asked carelessly—

"When did you see Charlotte Dinsmore last, Hal?"

Hal gave her a frowning look. He seemed in no individual mood.

"I was there last night," he said, impatiently. "Do you know I was?"

Miss Harriet stared in surprise at the announcement, and then looked sharply at Corny's face.

Miss Dinsmore called in the course of the day. Corny had seen her before, but had never realized as she did now the full magnificence of her. Miss Dinsmore was a brilliant, black-eyed brunette, with a queen's carriage and a voice whose that quite overpowered Corny, who was naturally timid and shrinking. Corny was not prepared to Corny's delicate shy beauty than a pretty, fair-haired child. She felt awkward and Corny grew still paler and more and more silent; and Miss Harriet, who had also noticed wanted jealous about her, was often in an irritable mood for the rest of the day.

Miss Harriet secretly extended.

But the next day Corny had a very mysterious communication, asking Corny to get her hat and shawl and accompany her out. She was going to a shop where she could get some gloves.

Miss Harriet was not even admitted in as she possessed with her husband's secret, and Corny was glad to get out into the cold air with more than usual tenderness up the wide avenue.

Suddenly, as they walked, Hal Denning was surprise that, looking from within, her husband entered where she was standing unobserved.

He was not alone, but conducted her into a splendid, bright, attractive-looking room, and left her there for a short look of easy intelligence.

No one came forward to meet her, but Corny's quick eye discovered every moment at her husband's manner. He seated a chair and put more coal on the fire,—and presently spoke. She looked like the picture of a fairy queen.

Why, are we going to stay awhile?" Corny asked, in a low, timid voice.

"A long while, I hope," he replied, smiling, "at least as long as a person," My darling, this is my home henceforth, your own and children's, if we have any. Welcome, welcome wife, she did not understand him at all, and repeated the words, bewildered.

"Yes," he continued, kissing her forehead, "this is my home—my own—and this thing, but I thought he liked me, and I—oh, I'm so sorry. What shall I do? Please to tell me."

Miss Harriet was crimping one of those wonderful lines that were in the habit of imitating at her neck, and she did not pause in the operation at the sight of Corny's distress.

"It's not my fault if Hal don't find his home what it ought to be, and if your mother or any finger ends off to make him happy, and always would. I suppose you are the first girl sick of his Philadelphia jaunts."

"I don't believe my husband is the least bit tired of me, if that is what you mean," said Corny, indignantly; "and if he is, I choose to find it out for myself."

"Which means that I'm to hold my tongue," Miss Harriet vociferated, in angry amazement at Corny's spirit.

"It means that I don't choose to have anyone say such things to me, and that if anyone does I shall tell Hal, and ask him if it is so."

"I advise you to be careful how you try to poison my brother's mind against me, Mistress Corny," Miss Harriet exclaimed, in a passion. "He'll not be likely to turn against me, who

## ANTIPATHIES.

BY MARY ANNE DALLAS.

When Mrs. Tallman issued invitations for her grand do-in, one fact troubled her. If there was one person whom she and King Mion differed particularly, that person was Mr. William Waddilove. In fact there was only one thing she hated worse, and that was his dog. A great over-grown, bow-headed, always dripping with water from his frequent baths, always roiling and tumbling and barking, and comporting himself in a way that shocked Miss Melon's delicate nerves and made her wish all dogs at Jericho. There had been no peace, said Miss Melon, since that old butcher hired the next cottage, with his dog, and his cigars, and his masculine habits, and his coming up on Sundays in the city, and his horrible ways altogether.

Mr. Tallman and Waddilove disliked his neighbor as heartily. If there was anything he hated in the world it was a dandy, and Mr. Tallman's partialities call shook with incessant practising. He was not a man for a man, and then the abominable mincing and prinking of the girl, and her affectation—striking as the sight of a splendid animal like Seppo. It was, and Mr. Tallman, a man who spent his money on fine cottages and grounds in the world to have such a neighbor for a neighbor.

Coming to these conclusions, the two cottages became bitterly hostile to each other, and whenever she saw the dog, as a matter of principle, Miss Melon called him, and whenever he saw Mr. Waddilove was always accosted by the dulcet tones of Miss Melon's voice. Between the brother and sister are such dreadful things."

"Dear Corny," she said, "you look pale. I did be like Miss Dinsmore so much, so very much she ate at.

"Well," said Miss Harriet, reflectively, and recovering her self-possession at the sight of repentance, and I've heard him say time and again he thought Charlotte would have accepted him if he came."

When Hal Denning came home that evening, Corny sat pale and quiet before the fire, and to his anxious inquiries about her health, only answered feel well, which was true enough. Whether his mistress was well or ill, Miss Harriet had said nothing then, but sat down near her and talked with an air of unusual interest and kindness into the fire.

As he sat thus, Corny furtively watching him, a servant brought in a note, and gave him. Corny could not help seeing that it was directed in a very delicate, delicate hand, and her eyes followed his movements as he broke the envelope as he opened it and glanced over the contents. Miss Harriet, who had seen the note helped the look she gave toward the bottom of the page, and Hal's manner suddenly changed in her presence, he lifted it toward the light. It was short enough to read quickly.

He turned suddenly and looked at his wife, who was watching him with a strange expression, the note and put it away.

"Did you wish to see me, asked, quickly, but with a pretense of carelessness, through which his anxiety was too apparent.

"I am only the signalman," Corny said, coldly. He thought it was a letter from you, and I am taking his hat, went out, and did not return for some time.

Miss Harriet sat by. Her face said volumes: and she looked from one to the other through cold waiting through the evening were not calculated to improve the temper of the young husband.

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"Oh, what was it?" shrieked Miss Melon. "Have you lost it? I'll support me, Mr. Smith." and Miss Melon fainted.

In the confusion, ladies ran with smelling-salts—gentlemen with water; and Mr. Waddilove, and could only keep his wife, who, forgetting navy in imaginary birds and growing.

"When Miss Melon recovered, she was when an envious dismal proposed to "amuse her," and found her voice again before for the first and following the example of the rest of the party, began to express the beauties of the woods, bearing on Mr. Smith's arm. Mild and harmless little were the birds and little red berries were so many things to go into ecstasy over, and at last they came in sight of the river.

"Oh, the lovely river!" cried Miss Melon. "Do let us wander on its banks, Mr. Smith."

"Very much pleased to wander anywhere with you," said the gallant Smith. And soon they were upon the margin of the stream, where lay a boat.

"A boat! Oh, I must have a row!" cried Miss Melon.

"Very delighted to row you," said Mr. Smith; "but you see that boat belongs to some fellow, so I might call it stealing, don't you see?"

"Cruel wretch!" said Miss Melon.

"Not unless I like, Smith.

"Oh, no—the man that owns the boat."

"Dear, of course," said Mr. Smith.

"I mean to get in anyhow," said Miss Melon.

"Why, Miss Melon, you'll be drowned."

"Only for a minute," said Miss Melon, and with an unusual agility she sprang into the boat.

Alas! boats are treacherous—the lady lost her balance, and fell into the water.

Just there it was deep and somewhat dangerous. Miss Melon disappeared from the spectators in the surface struggling and gasping. Mr. Smith was paralyzed. "I can't swim, you know," after every cry, and out of the confusion and midnight bounded, followed by a man with a gun—Mr. Waddilove and Seppo.

Mr. Waddilove rushed to the water, and the dog plunged into the water. His master pointed to the dog of the boat and the dog followed him.

Seppo had brought Miss Melon to the shore more dead than alive, and there the gentlemen found the dripping trio—Miss Melon supported by Mr. Waddilove, the dog in ecstasies at his feet, and Mr. Smith looking on.

Mr. Smith's version of the story [illegible] being that Miss Melon and Mr. Waddilove were drowning, and that their corpses to the shore, the relief of the horrified party was great, Miss Melon exclaimed: "Oh, my dear Mr. Waddilove, how can I ever—"

"Thank me to the dog," said Mr. Waddilove.

"Oh, really sure you!" asked Mr. Tallman, who had feared an attempt in the contrary of his dog.

"I've been using my instrument, and all that sort of thing," said Mr. Waddilove. "But Seppo was the—"

"Noble animal!" said Miss Melon, "I must kiss him."

And she did at the expense of much red tongue licking on the face.

"Well, I say here, you know," said Mr. Waddilove. "Seppo—Seppo—Seppo—" and the dog swam. Tell you now,—I'll get a gig. Friend of mine in that white house, and I'll run and drive you home, after you've had some wine."

"Noble," blasted Miss Melon.

Twenty minutes after, the pair was driving toward the cottages, with Seppo barking at the horse's head.

"What a glorious voice that dog has," said Miss Melon.

"Pure Newfoundland," said Mr. Waddilove.

"I've always thought the sea was of those, oh dear! quite another sort of dog. How mistaken we are in our friends sometimes."

"Indeed we can," said Mr. Waddilove. "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Very sorry all the time we've been neighbors, I've had such a false idea of you," said Miss Melon.

"And I haven't appreciated you," said Mr. Waddilove. "Ah, well—both better in future. Here we are."

"Yes, yes, I declare," said Miss Melon. "Mr. Waddilove, come in to the afternoon and take tea with us."

"Thank you, I will," said Mr. Waddilove. "I'll just put up the horse."

"Where I go he always follows," said Mr. W. Waddilove, to the astonishment of the household and the consternation of the housekeeper, when Miss Melon and Mr. Waddilove were having tea and cake and ten together.

"I suppose I may put upon the sofa and talked.

"To think that I might have been at the bottom of the sea," said Miss Melon, "and Seppo—"

"I doesn't think of it," said Mr. Waddilove. "Seppo—you know—Seppo—won't you play for me?"

"Ah, you don't like music."

"I?—who dared to say so?"

"Well, if you'll speak."

"In a lady's presence? No."

"Then play for me."

"Anything to please you," said Mr. W.

Miss Melon laid down at the piano and the gentlemen smoked.

"Very pretty tune," said Mr. W.

"Small," said Miss Melon.

"Small—why, do you know that I've often thought I'd one person owning both houses could remove the parting wall and make a very nice sitting-room parlor."

"So they could," said Miss Melon.

"A pretty piano there," said Mr. W.

"A dear little one by the rug," said Miss Melon.

"A dear little wife on one side of the fire."

"A husband smoking his cigar on the other."

"What a picture?"

"It was a picture," said Mr. W.

"Small," said Miss Melon.

"Shall we go, you know?" said Mr. W.

"I ought to neglect no dear next week," said Mr. Waddilove.

"How?" asked Miss Melon.

"By a word."

"Name it."

"Will you say it?"

"Will you be Mrs. Waddilove?"

"Yes, it's so sudden."

"Then you will, you know?"

"Yes, I will," said Mr. Waddilove, and I can't—"

"Can't have me?"

"Can't—say—no."

The bereaved, listening at the door at that juncture, was sure she heard a kiss, and the flourish of the antipathies were astonished, on the next appearance of the Weekly Wonder, by this announcement.

Married, on the—th of August, Miss Kitty Melon, daughter of the late Arthur Melon, Esq., to Mr. William Waddilove. No cards.

—Truth, wisdom, love, seek reasons: malice seeks only causes.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

LEGAL HUMOR.—Ten years ago a man in Missouri imagined also such to be of his slaves, on condition that they should emigrate to Liberia or some country not apart for free persons. The slaves remained in Missouri, and the Linn County Court in the following January ordered that the executors of the person of color" and the executor has been ordered to pay over the money.

A COOL TRIFLER.—A man was a steadfast temperance man, was found by another taking a glass of brick soda in Boston, during the summer months. "Ha—ha this is!" inquired the second Knight; "I thought you was a temperance man!" "So I am," replied the imbiber; "but I love up in the moon on a regular. I am in my house in the winter the same natural at once.

AN UNPLEASANT CIRCUMSTANCE.—A man in Chicago was prosecuted for kicking his wife out of doors. He pleaded that he was drunk, and that they were coming everywhere. "What was they?" asked the magistrate. "He persistently scratched his back with a currycomb, and I pinned a pillow." "It don't please me at all, and I cannot the complaint," was the magistrate's response.

A FRIEND met a farmer one day last week who was in trouble. "Hello, Jones, what's the matter? how his leash was, he replied: "A little nervous." "What is the matter with you?" he asked. "My grass," he responded. "I don't care how I can raise help to grapple with it." "Why don't you get a mower?" "Can't afford it," was the reply. "Then you ought to be in this vicinity, extensive world?"

A PATRIOT'S REPLY.—Philosophy is to the wise Battle or Gettysburg.—The battle turned on half for defending. Each other's wounds and legs are a lit more encouragin'. It was difficult to see what Providence was on, and I'm free to say I couldn't into our rank accounts we undertook to all." "Why, Pat," said a friend to him, "you had much hand to tie with one day. "there would you go about that?" "Why, I'll tell you, sir," said Pat, "I was in the battle of Gettysburg, and I was ordered to charge on the enemy's battery, and I was the first man that got there, and I was the first man that got there, and I was the first man that got there

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867.

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## ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

**Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.**

NO XI.

## ON SOME INDIRECT AIDS IN THE CULTIVATION OF THE TASTES.

BY REV. E. O. SHORT, D.D., PRESIDENT OF HAMILTON COLLEGE.

A GOOD and thorough education must necessarily pass over certain fundamental studies, which, by common consent, are thought to bring the most important benefits of the mind and character with the least laborious operation. These studies at once exercise the powers and discipline them; give greater breadth to our mental action and, at the same time, furnish material which enlarges the furniture of our knowledge, and enable us the better to use it.

It is easily evident that a complete education implies the due cultivation of every part of our complex nature, so that while we are taught to tongue to us an intellectual, moral, and sensitive beings, shall fall of its proper share of attention.

A love of the beautiful, especially of beauty in its purer and sweeter forms, is not usually developed so early as the love of truth, or of power; and hence, perhaps, for one reason, the student may be disposed to neglect or underrate it. It may be that none of us in the common, arduous, and necessary unpodded labor of every day, remember say too frequently how the cultivation of the taste will add to the refinement, and contribute to the happiness of individuals and of communities; how it may supply the place of wealth; how it may sometimes be found ultimately consistent with the conduct of deep moral and practical interest.

It is the object of this paper to suggest a few of the methods by which a literary institution may indirectly minister to the taste, and inform the general spirit, of its pupils. As the full consideration of this subject would lead us much beyond the proper limits of this article, we must be content with a single and somewhat superficial line of discussion. Other and kindred topics will be suggested to the reader.

The cultivated taste will always be most pleased with that which is perfect in its kind, and will be sure to judge with due proportion as it approaches perfection. A well-laid basis is exacting of high results as it grows wood, a spectant temper, an unseemly act, a slovenly performance, a disorderly house, a neglected garden, an ill-fitted carriage,—every thing that is defective, to the observer, whether it may stand in the catalogue, —will displease in proportion as the taste is true. The type of perfection is no several order. Hence the flow of beauty may be a stimulus to general excellence.

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The taste is best cultivated by a familiarity with the best models.—A familiarity which is the result of careful study,—as on the other hand, it will hardly be digested by the constant pressure of unworthy objects.

The condition of the grounds and buildings of a public institution, often considered as of quite secondary importance, may have a very appreciable influence on the mind of the scholar. Neglect encourages neglect, and disorder encourages that which may easily be defaced or destroyed even dragon of little value. Will not the mind, pained at first by the general air of indifference, come to feel some sympathy with what it cannot remedy? and will not the insensitive and habitual long be transferred from less important matters to those of greater consequence, from the outer world to the inner, and from the sense to the intellect, from the intellect to the moral?

Why should not the same law hold with respect to public institutions which holds in the well-ordered family, where there is evidently a reciprocal action going to between the objects of beautiful and commanding it, and its own condition as to refinement? Why may not the spirit in boarding-house be hard or the garden is more than unreserved by the natural influence of that trifling labor as belonging to the laborer himself more gentle and humane? Why may not the whole family become more refined and noble from observation that which is unseemly, as well as from four that the unseemly would be harbored and the tastes become grim and degraded if the feelings were accustomed by delicacy or shrunk as we approached that the downward tendencies—tendencies which, from a temporary infection—would be encouraged in a public institution by suffering the inevitable accumulation of unreasonable evils which follow indifference to them. The student, indeed, is not the personal proprietor of that which is about him, yet he enters one as his. The fine window, the pleasant room or wave before his window, the ground-ward at the foot, the well kept paths, the carefully trimmed hedges which bound the little domain, all give him a quiet pleasure as they are easy to be but fair conclusion, and inspire him with a love of order, harmony and beauty, of the strength of which he may not be aware till he find his taste falsified by the absence of that whose presence was so soothing and so grateful.

In the same way might all the public appointments of a university, or college,—its chapel, libraries and lecture-rooms,—combine to the same silent cultivation. Let the library, if there be but one, be sufficiently capacious, not only for the present, but the future uses of the institution, with every book easily accessible, rich in maps, plans and illustrations, with portraits and busts of the eminent in letters, in science and art, looking benignantly from the niches, the wall, the pedestal; the air warm and quiet, as of a habitation where one gives to contemplation and studious ways night dwell, and where every influence falling upon the senses should repress all tendency to rudeness and coarseness, while it would stimulate every effort to thought and real culture.

The rooms appropriated to recitation may be something more than bare rooms. By their structure, their convenience, the symbols around to focus on the walls, which might imperil indelicity of mind, and into choice or fashionable principles, by illustrative plans, charts, engravings and paintings, they might bring a gentle but constant pressure upon the mind of the student, and thus insensibly mould his nature to the finer and nobler purposes of study, exeite him by the recollections of the great and good, and afford him models of excellence in every desirable manner. "When Sir Henry Wotton," says his biographer, "came to the Provostship of Eton College, he was at the charge of setting up in the two rows of pillars, on which he caused to be distinctly done, the pictures of eleven of the most famous Greek and Latin historians, poets and orators, persuading them not to neglect the future, because Almighty God has left mankind to the use of their understandings in such a manner that none pledged eloquence but such dull souls as were not capable of it."

All this would indeed be much more than a mere ornamental work, if it were done in the most serious with it and tend to the same end. It is surprising how much of self-cultivation and self-respect may be produced by apparently so small a matter as the neatness and order of one's room. Many a young man, and many a young woman, are ruined. A heedful priest-hood would be a blessing to society, and a corresponding attendance with what is so attractive and beautiful.

Let us carry this line of thought a little further, and suggest an additional illustration from another quarter. Much attention has been paid to what may properly be called the architecture of our literary institutions. The buildings, for the most part, have been erected for the mere purpose of shelter without regard to esthetic effect. Whether it be advisable to erect no buildings for merely the sake of their ornaments, is an question. But however this may be decided there seem to be no question that what is built should be of the best kind, and that it should require no more cost to be productive of the choicest effects.

In the first place, economy, we may say, so effective and so permanent in its influences, is the truest economy. It leads the mind to feel a structure hardly deserves the name of architecture which does not combine the qualities of stateliness or use. Such edifices grow ripe as they grow old, and the "moss and the stain" which in all many weary years have rolled over them; the "dilapidation" which has come with the decay of ages, only add to the record of saints and scholars who have gone down to their last habitations, and to the spirit of genius it erected within them. till the hallowed walls seem to be the natural growth of the rock into the stones. Thus does a noble structure, which is the embodiment of a noble thought, become representative, a local embodiment of the institution which it is built to serve. Pilgrims love and worship at the shrine of Mecca and Rome from the Colosseum.

Let us not, then, grudge to build a visible and tangible existence. Its effects will be more than commensurate with the cost, and will inform the general spirit, of its pupils. As the full consideration of this subject would lead us much beyond the proper limits of this article, we must be content with a single and somewhat superficial line of discussion. Other and kindred topics will be suggested to the reader.

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In the same way might all the public appointments of a university, or college,—its chapel, libraries and lecture-rooms,—combine to the same silent cultivation. Let the library, if there be but one, be sufficiently capacious, not only for the present, but the future uses of the institution, with every book easily accessible, rich in maps, plans and illustrations, with portraits and busts of the eminent in letters, in science and art, looking

benignantly from the niches, the wall, the pedestal; the air warm and quiet, as of a habitation where one gives to contemplation and studious ways night dwell, and where every influence falling upon the senses should repress all tendency to rudeness and coarseness, while it would stimulate every effort to thought and real culture.

The rooms appropriated to recitation may be something more than bare rooms. By their structure, their convenience, the symbols around to focus on the walls, which might imperil indelicity of mind, and into choice or fashionable principles, by illustrative plans, charts, engravings and paintings, they might bring a gentle but constant pressure upon the mind of the student, and thus insensibly mould his nature to the finer and nobler purposes of study, excite him by the recollections of the great and good, and afford him models of excellence in every desirable manner. "When Sir Henry Wotton," says his biographer, "came to the Provostship of Eton College, he was at the charge of setting up in the two rows of pillars, on which he caused to be distinctly done, the pictures of eleven of the most famous Greek and Latin historians, poets and orators, persuading them not to neglect the future, because Almighty God has left mankind to the use of their understandings in such a manner that none pledged eloquence but such dull souls as were not capable of it."

All this would indeed be much more than a mere ornamental work, if it were done in the most serious with it and tend to the same end. It is surprising how much of self-cultivation and self-respect may be produced by apparently so small a matter as the neatness and order of one's room. Many a young man, and many a young woman, are ruined. A heedful priest-hood would be a blessing to society, and a corresponding attendance with what is so attractive and beautiful.

Let us carry this line of thought a little further, and suggest an additional illustration from another quarter. Much attention has been paid to what may properly be called the architecture of our literary institutions. The buildings, for the most part, have been erected for the mere purpose of shelter without regard to esthetic effect. Whether it be advisable to erect no buildings for merely the sake of their ornaments, is an question. But however this may be decided there seem to be no question that what is built should be of the best kind, and that it should require no more cost to be productive of the choicest effects.

In the first place, economy, we may say, so effective and so permanent in its influences, is the truest economy. It leads the mind to feel a structure hardly deserves the name of architecture which does not combine the qualities of stateliness or use. Such edifices grow ripe as they grow old, and the "moss and the stain" which in all many weary years have rolled over them; the "dilapidation" which has come with the decay of ages, only add to the record of saints and scholars who have gone down to their last habitations, and to the spirit of genius it erected within them. till the hallowed walls seem to be the natural growth of the rock into the stones. Thus does a noble structure, which is the embodiment of a noble thought, become representative, a local embodiment of the institution which it is built to serve. Pilgrims love and worship at the shrine of Mecca and Rome from the Colosseum.

Let us not, then, grudge to build a visible and tangible existence. Its effects will be more than commensurate with the cost, and will inform the centre and life as it were of the whole surrounding region. It stands there as the Providence flowing beauty and more reasonable even than the Parthenon and the patient labor of every fine mind, and modelling it all the more effectively by its perfection and its permanence.

Perhaps we do not give sufficient consideration to these indirect influences, these silent forms of education, the education of the sympathies, the affections, the taste. It is not, indeed, always in the hopes, its prejudices, if you please, rather than its principles, that we find the seat of the most springs of his life. I have sometimes thought that a man's literary opinions, his taste, his knowledge derived from books and lectures form the least important part of his education. It is not the place—its recollections and traditions—the friendships formed, the spirit which he breathed, the rooms they occupied—the lofty chapels in which they worshipped—the classic halls of the venerable years, have been silently but effectively moulding his character? Whether in the life, he be a dull mind indeed that could enter the quadrangles of Harvard, or Yale, or Princeton, or Brown, where Newton labored, or the Senate House where Bacon and Barrow, or Burke and Usher, or Berkeley and Swift, or Adam Smith and Dugald Stewart or Cl Jones or Dr. Arnold have been professors, and not feel the influence of the place.

And if there be any building so central to its interests, so sacred in its associations, so dear to the heart of the student that it, while in form it may seem to grow old, yet in its associations it grows young, it is that room to be the heart of the institution, and the centre of its life, the chapel of a college might form such a room. The chapel of a college might form such a room. The chapel of Yale and Harvard and Emory should be carefully grouped. Such a structure might well, in connection with the services of the day, be the place of solemn instruction—religion united upon by teachings—and the impressive influences of which, while they are unseen, are the rare, the taste, the skill which the hand of genius and culture may accumulate in the dietary purposes, for dormitories, cabinets, &c., and the spirit of which, while it may not be seen, is even unconsh, would be produced in view of the accumulated wealth of ages, and the most perfect effects to which the memory of the alumni would be directed, and when they could not fail to realize before the eye of the mind that attached to their Alma Mater.

Something of the influence alluded to might be produced by the chapel of a literary institution, but the characteristics of permanence; much of the spirit of the place, much of the taste, without silent admiration and involuntary thankfulness of heart, would be found in the chapel, and recur with a warmer welcome. If a beautiful chapel, with its windows and ornaments of the earth can only be estimated by its benefits to the pupil, it may become the means of much of the good it may bestow on communities, but in a freely beautiful chapel, with its windows and ornaments of the earth can only be estimated by its benefits to the pupil, it may become the means of much of the good it may bestow on communities, but in a freely beautiful chapel, with its windows and ornaments of the earth can only be estimated by its benefits to the pupil, it may become the means of much of the good it may bestow on communities, but in a freely beautiful chapel, with its windows and ornaments of the earth can only be estimated by its benefits to the pupil, it may become the means of much of the good it may bestow on communities, but in a freely

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## THE DISRAELI FAMILY.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Most of us pronounce the name of the English minister wrong. He pronounces it himself, and spells it so. So at least I am told by those who have frequented his society. Mr. Disraeli assures us that the prefix to his father's name, that this name has never been borne by any other family or family; and he also explains why he family enjoyed its monopoly. The grandfather of the Disraelis was a Jew of the Archipelago, who settled in England in 1748, was an Italian Jew, a descendant of one of the wealthy Hebrew families who had been driven from Spain, two hundred years before, by the Inquisition. The family, upon settling in Venice, dropped their Hebrew surname, and, as Mr. Disraeli remarks, "grafted to the God of Jacob who had sustained them through unprecedented trials, and guarded them through unheard of perils, they added to their name of Disraeli—a name never borne before or since by any other family—in order to express their race might be forever recognized."

In Venice, the Disraelis were rich and considered among the merchant princes of the city. Of any one would know their wealth, and the doubtless under they are, in wealth, and the doubtless under which it labored, we have the following story of the grandfather of the present Mr. Disraeli, in the play of the "Merchant of Venice":

"Disraeli, the grandfather, was in the occupation of the head of the house was drawn to want England as the head of free commerce and religious liberty. Perhaps the old gentleman's visit to the "Dragon" was influenced by a recent work upon England, in which that author described the great London exchange, where Jews and Christians, Catholics and Protestants, Presbyterians and Baptists, Quakers and Socinians, publans "do business with one another as though they had all one religion among them," and he probably an infidel taken he is a bankrupt. "Solomon more liberal than that Merchant of Venice." He work, the head of the house of Disraeli was induced to send his youngest son, Isaac Disraeli, to settle in London. At least he did so, in the year 1748.

This Benjamin Disraeli, grandfather of the present Benjamin, prospered in England. He married the beautiful daughter of a Jewish family, and became, in due time, the father of that celebrated lame Disraeli, the author of the "Curiosities of Literature." Not long since the birth of this son, his only child, he retired from business, and went to reside at Enfield, in Middlesex, by the year 1817, when he died, nearly ninety years old.

Isaac Disraeli, the author, purried, grieved, and disappointed his father by refusing to enter the firm as a commercial career, and his mother—who was a Spaniard—by marrying a Christian, and thus cutting himself off from the social stigma then attached to it—apostasy from the Jewish faith. He was, however, soon to redeem by a successful career in business the position which he had given up, and to prove by genius that he was not degraded.

The boy was not destined to realize these fears. He was born in London, May 11, 1766, with large, dark-brown eyes, and forehead of great power by seconds that of his father's energy and enjoyment, indicating, even in the child, by the very same qualities which in the man was of a different order from those among whom he lived. Timid, susceptible, and by no means fond of solitude or seeking no better company than that of his own home, he was not long in arrived at that mournful period of boyhood when sensitiveness and reserve are misunderstood and sympathy. He matter, not incapable of deep affection, but wanting in that which would have shed the kind and tender what allowed affection and sympathy. He was not, however, by any means only observing a being qualified to control or to be controlled by others.

Such was the youth, Isaac Disraeli, who was to convert a name which his mother desired to be nonlatine into one of glory and renown. His father, however, by no means they could do, was vice to cure him of his passion for books and to confine him in love of business. He was, however, incensed him to such a degree, by her stinging and contemptuous remarks that he left his home, away from home, and his father found him lying in a roundabout in a church-yard, his head reclined on, his lean knee, "and gave him a kick, which he never forgot." The boy, thus smuggled like starvation, and became famous.

Beginning his independent fortune, the boy-scholar of genius lived, for sixty years, in his books, and produced many of them. Of these books, six reckoned among the classics of English literature, and are to be found in every library. His literary character, a man who really passed his life among books, and who was never happy except among them, these habits; he rose to enter the chamber where he was to be found, and he was at night he kept his room ever to within the same walls." And so, the boy-student passed on to manhood, and to the age of eighty-five, when he was still so robust that he was only terminated by the attack of the violent epidemic. For many years before his death he was blind, and was tended by his daughter, he continued to perfect and enrich his works. He was an intelligent looking man, with ruddled Jewish features. He owed to his father, who was a man of great energy, though not so conspicuous as that of his brother.

Isaac Disraeli, the author, married a lady of Jewish family, and had a numerous offspring, the promise of a situation in a public office, which he declined, and which his youth was appreciated to a solicitor, but after a few years' practice he gave up the profession, and devoted himself entirely to literature. He was so disgusting to him that his father consented to his choice, and allowed him a pension sufficient to enable him to live.

Benjamin Disraeli, the son of Isaac Disraeli, was born in London, December 21, 1804, and at an early age, endowed with remarkable quickness and vivacity, and with great ambition, had a brilliant career in the circles of fashion and power by means that were necessary for his future distinction. When he was twenty-seven years of age, his first novel, "Vivian Grey," appeared, which obtained immediate celebrity; it was full of wit, which was small, but dealt the freedom and audacity with which living characters, well known in society, were either delineated or burlesqued. The success of this ill-conducted and tedious book established Mr. Disraeli as a fashionable author, and a long series of tales in a similar tone issued from his pen. These novels are surcharged with the spirit of Byron, and were truly characterized by another as belonging to the "Satanic School." They abound in gorgeous pictures of the extravagance and vice prevalent in the fashionable circles of the time, and no human creature was ever benefitted by reading them.

Not content with literary successes, Mr. Disraeli, in his twenty-eighth year, presented himself as a candidate for Parliament, in the very town which he now represents. He has often been taunted with having professed liberal principles for the purpose of gaining a seat in parliament. The charge is true. He was a liberal when he first entered the House of Commons, and professed very publicly when he first stood for Parliament as the Whig candidate. In the year following, he made his second attempt, signed professed conservative principles, and was again defeated by the Whigs. It was on this occasion that, when somebody in the crowd taunted him with being a Jew, O'Connell said, "I am proud to fight against a 'bloody traitor,' which existed from O'Connell one of the bitterest retorts on record.

"For aught I know," said Mr. O'Connell, "the honorable gentleman may be the true lineal heir of the impenitent thief who died on the cross."

At length, in the thirty-second year of his age, his long cherished ambition was gratified by the election to represent the constituency borough of Maidstone in the House of Commons, and the first attempt to address the House was merely a failure, but even a ridiculous failure. It was utterly unpremeditated, and it was energy, O'Connell, in delivering which he was carried away by the fury of it himself, and indulged in excessive and absurd gesticulation. His voice was not powerful, and he soon found that he could be elected his speech with these words:

"I am not surprised, sir, at the reception I have experienced, I have begun several times many a time and oft have I have often begun, but I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

For nearly two years he was silent in the House, and in July, 1838, he produced his first speech. He made a speech to which the whole House listened with profound attention, which called forth the most favorable comment. From this time he was a marked man, and rapidly rose to be one of the acknowledged leader of the conservative party in the House of Commons. His speech on Ireland, which, Mr. Carlyle says, "is the natural language of a man," and which Mr. Disraeli delivered in the later years with great vigor, and saved the British empire from dismemberment. In the latter years, it was Mr. Disraeli who mightily assisted Lord Beaconsfield in the ministry, and took the place which he honored. I remember having heard the leader of the conservatives in the House of Commons, and I must say that he seemed to me a very trivial and small person, and that he was not at all impressed with the able and honest a man as Sir Robert Peel should have been impressed with such honors as he received, the whistle of an east wind. He did, however, Disraeli, and he has done it well.

During his present source of office, Mr. Disraeli has displayed great administrative ability. He has labored his party, and will probably succeed in carrying through it a measure of reform till sufficiently liberal to appease. The Irish question, the chief cause of the dissension of the suffrage, and to prepare the way for the establishment of a system of representation for the Irish which is inevitable and not distant. The difficulties of this task are like to the duties of his character can be clearly traced to that intellectual temperament which he has inherited from his Chaldeans for fifteen centuries, making them a race by themselves, and distinguishing them from honorable competition in honorable competition with the Gentiles. Disraeli, who has abandoned the religion of his fathers, has not abandoned such features as mark the whistle of an east wind. He did, however, Disraeli, and he has done it well.

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—Every thing in the form of the Times.

MAGNANIMITY OF GENERAL GRANT.—In the course of a speech delivered by Governor Fenton, we had the pleasure of hearing a remark made by General Grant, which we have not seen in print. He said that Mr. Andrew Grant, on the occasion we refer to, had a conversation with the President, in which the latter expressed a desire to send a dispatch to General Grant, and requested Mr. Grant to write it. The latter declined, and said that he had never written a dispatch to the President, but he knew a surely get a charming piece (The telegraph was then in its infancy.)

*Read on to the fourth column.*

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**Just the Thing for Him.—An Epigram.**

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

When *Spurgeon* to the people preaches,
And tells them they are sinful wretches,
Each chanted to account,
The Pealm, of the Beast, and the Number of his name,
He bids them flee from the wrath to come.
The fellow surely got a charming place
(The telegraph was then in its infancy.)

*Read on to the fourth column.*

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—We have no sympathy with those who are making such a terrible hub-bub over the exertion of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in raising a large fund upon the Monitor people by French horrors; and we have no sympathy with those who are attempting to lay up by striking reverse of the literal proverb, who, in the darkness of war, had failed to see the silver lining of the cloud—a name for the genius ought to be secured for the gander."

—The Brooklyn *Press* is the name of a new daily paper just started on the opposite side of the East River. It is edited by Joseph Howard, jr., and is one of the most readable, lively, sparkling journals on our exchanges list. How he can find time to act as chief editor of the *Press* and write more than two letters a week for regular correspondence to a dozen other journals, is beyond our comprehension.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

## FROM BROOK TO OCEAN.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Dear Silver Brook! then flowest free
Through rocks and roots and pebbles;
Remembrance thee my love awakes
In sad reminiscences.

But, most of all, remembrance thou
That afternoon of splendor,
When I, with Nature's wedding vow,
And silver tinkle so tender!

We halted at the steppingstones
Below the turnpike bridge,
Then hoisted our luggage in happy tones
Grew lusty, stiff, and hardy.

That water that near the willow slips,
Thy voice seemed to me,
Reflected pairs of lovers' lips
In tender whispers uttering.

Thy near will raise rubber tunnel,
Thy voice seemed more sweetly
And even the merry mill-wheel turned
More quickly and lightly.

And, Silver Brook, thy sympathy
Came ringing through the rushes,
And gave a note of softer glee
To all thy happy gushes.

But ignorant the virgin runs
And, seeking not, finds not;
But the wave which glanced the happy ones
Is now a part of ocean.

Dear Silver Brook! the near-drop shares,
And I, the ocean-wave,
Renews the joy for other hearts,
In light for other lovers!

For those were bright notes it gave,
When sea-swift and moving motion,
Passed out in sun with the trusted WAVE,
And are now a part of ocean!

## WINNING HER WAY.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "HIDDEN PATH," "THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE AMBASSADRESS' BALL.

Up and away was then our car,
Nor what thy life in great or small,
Nor what the goal of thine endeavor,
Thou shalt not know but by thy trial.
CHARLES MACKAY.

The front of that handsome house in Cavendish Square, known then as the American Embassy, blazed with light. Not only the street before it, but the cross-streets around the corners were blocked with carriages.

Our Ambassadress was giving her first ball at the season and the élite of London were to honor it with their presence.

Many sanitary reforms would have been crowded to suffocation with the company that assembled in this; but the splendid rooms were the perfection and staircases, so lofty and wide, hundred fair and noble guests could pass up and down without inconvenience. Rooms, refreshed by pleasant breezes and tempered by delightful music, and all without the usual accidence of crushed toilets and crossed tempers.

In the first reception room, near the entrance door, stood the distinguished ambassador and his accomplished wife receiving their friends with their usual courtesy. The ambassador wore the dress of a plain American citizen; the ambassadress was resplendent in materials of blue velvet and diamonds.

At about half-past nine o'clock General Lyon and his party were announced and entered into the reception room.

The general and his nephew wore the stereotyped evening costume of gentlemen—the black dress-coat and black pantaloons and the white vest and white kid gloves.

Anna wore a snowy robe, looped up with white roses, and white roses in her hair and on her bosom, and pearls and amethysts on her neck and arms.

Drusilla's toilette was perfect. It was a full dress of white satin, and her hair over a pale maize-colored silk. In her hair, on her bosom, and hooping up her dress, were diverse of snowdrops and evergreen, sprinkled with the dewdrops of diamonds. The effect of this simple and elegant toilette was rich, delicate and beautiful beyond comparison.

General Lyon and his young friends had to stand in the receiving line of groups who had passed in before them and to pay their respects to the ambassador and his wife.

At length the three had passed on, and the ambassador presidence of his nephew and led Drusilla up to the ambassadress. And he complimented her on the beauty of her dress, and the handsome and easy manner in which she introduced Drusilla as:

"My friend, Miss Lyon."

Drusilla curtsied deeply, and the minister and his wife received her kindly. And after a few common-place courtesies the general passed on to make room for Nick and Anna, and to wait outside for some of his own friends in the crowd.

But as he withdrew he heard the ambassadress say to her husband:

"That is the young woman I have ever seen—that is, if one may call so young a creature a woman—who is beautiful."

"Young?" repeated Lord John, raising his eyeglass, and looking for a moment at Drusilla with all the woman's eyes are alike, I suppose."

And, saying this in a rather low tone, Lord John passed carelessly on, and was lost in the crowd on a sofa, around which quite a court of were gathered.

Waiting for a few minutes for a fair opportunity, and then the general left the room and left the circle. Lord John took his protégé, and Drusilla.

"Prince, permit me to present to your High-ness the daughter of Lieutenant Lyon, of the Royal Waldemar Pullymooroff."

Then the young prince duke could recover from his surprise and disapprobation, he found himself making a profound bow to Drusilla, and presently, fairly old gentleman, who looked more like a servant than a master, was running down like a sun, not to say a prince. However, he was correspondingly considerate, affable, and complacency, covered over with sedate, and perfumed with a delicate, but powerful and decided fragrance. So the duke bowed his dignified politeness and respect for the name of the royal and venerable sovereign.

Then the duke presented to a little, withered woman, very old, and very ugly, and very richly dressed, and very fragrant, but so covered with jewels and gold and silver and colored stones that she looks of an elderly frog.

"That is Lady Jane," replied Lord John, carelessly, but Drusilla, deeply impressed with the beautiful name, and the beautiful lady, looked at her with admiration.

"Lady Jane, allow me to present to your ladyship the daughter of Lieutenant Lyon, of the Royal Waldemar Pullymooroff."

"Lyon! Lyon! Lyon!" repeated the old lady, in a shrill, cracked voice, "I know no such name. Does anybody here? Lyon! Lyon! Lyon! You think as if you did," said Leslie, turning to Lord Killcrichton, who was standing near, and who was looking at the interesting form of General Lyon and Drusilla, who were speaking with the crowd.

The question recalled him to himself.

"Do I what?" he inquired, with assumed carelessness.

"Do you know that lovely girl who passed just now, hanging on the arm of that tall, gray-haired man?"

"What girl? I noticed no girl particularly," replied Lord Killcrichton, with assumed indifference.

"Why, she was dressed in cataract, and—"

"Oh, you can see her! Some girl that is just out, I suppose. Why, Leslie, you are getting to be a regular old bachelor, and are not to be caught by such chickens as these. Why, you are getting as fastidious as I am, and everybody knows that I am the most fastidious man in the world. Now, Duke—taste in beauty and taste in dress differ so much, you know. Do you see I tell what individual girl you mean when you talk of the most beautiful creature in the most elegant toilet in the room? Why, there are hundreds of beautiful women in London—a million present, and each one of them may be the most beautiful and the most elegant in some one else's particular fancy."

"Ah! but, Leslie, that may be all very true

were—— there now I cannot tell you what they were; but her dress was the most elegant as she was the most beautiful in the room," continued the young man, pulling at his fair mustache.

"Now look here, Duke—taste in beauty and taste in dress differ so much, you know. Do you see I tell what individual girl you mean when you talk of the most beautiful creature in the most elegant toilet in the room? Why, there are hundreds of beautiful women in London—a million present, and each one of them may be the most beautiful and the most elegant in some one else's particular fancy."

"Ah! but, Leslie, that may be all very true

of commonplace beauties; but I tell you, and you know it is true, that there are some beauties whom every body acknowledges to be beautiful—and such is the sweet creature who passed here like a beam of sunshine—the angelic creature! Stop chaffing now and tell me, if you know, who she is."

"Was she leaning on the arm of a tall, gray-haired gentleman?" asked Lord John, laughing.

"Yes! yes!"

"Oh then, I know her. She is the Princess Sikira, daughter of Waldemar Pullymooroff. She is here on a visit; some say on a private mission. Her majesty received him yesterday."

"Daughter of old Pullymooroff! I'll go and get introduced," said the young duke, hurrying away.

Again Alexander laughed within himself. He was somewhat amused by the mistake those discerning gentlemen had made in supposing Drusilla to be the little Russian princess; but he was also bitterly jealous of the admiration so generally expressed for his beautiful, young, Christian wife; and he was delighted at any thing that men should take her for a girl to be wooed and won.

He followed the duke. He could not help it. He wanted to see the end of this adventure, in which the young duke went in search of Drusilla, and the Princess Sikira, both in one. He followed him through the mazes of the whole suit of rooms, and everywhere he heard the same expressions of admiration, curiosity and conjecture of which the new beauty was the subject. Others beside the group of officers took her for the supernatural Russian Princess.

"But she is never the wife of that old man? It would be—but sort of unknown May and December, it would be April and January!"

"Oh, no, she is far from the wife of three, I think. Yes, I am sure he introduced her as Miss Lyon."

"Miss Lyon! that child?"

"Well, I tell you, I was much surprised to see her to hear her called so; but then I remembered that in America, as in all young nations, people marry at a very early age."

"Ah, but where, Mr. Leslie?" very pertinently inquired Lillicpoint.

"Oh, no, Lyon! I don't know that there is any Mr. Lyon. I have somehow or other received the impression that this childish beauty is a young widow, and that is enough one side."

"A young widow, and wealthy widow," said Lillicpoint, musingly. "Lord John, you must introduce me."

"Introduce yourself—and be d——d to her, you pleasure—eater," said the other man, leading the way to the bay-window.

Alexander followed them no further, but remaining to himself:

"Is she pure enough?" and other injurious epithets—positively applied to Lillicpoint—without his suspecting any thing from which, perhaps, he could see all that might be going on in the room.

He saw the old gentleman called Lord John to his presence and present him to General Lyon, who forthwith presented him to the ladies of his party. He saw the young duke and how deeply to Drusilla, and make some request, which she at last appeared to grant. He saw her rise and give her hand to Lillicpoint, and walk a short distance with him.

Alexander ground his teeth together with rage and jealousy.

They passed down the room and onward to the door, and out into the hall, where the carriages were being formed. And the duke led his beautiful partner to a group without; in which he seemed to be presenting her to some one.

"Ah! it is the prince—ahem," said the other man, leading the way to the bay-window.

Alexander followed them no further, but remaining to himself:

"Is she pure enough?" and other injurious epithets—positively applied to Lillicpoint—without his suspecting any thing from which, perhaps, he could see all that might be going on in the room.

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Alexander ground his teeth together with rage and jealousy.

They passed down the room and onward to the door, and out into the hall, where the carriages were being formed. And the duke led his beautiful partner to a group without,

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had the least right to take exception. Yet his blood was boiling with jealousy so that he was actually almost frenzied.

After supper Prince Ernest led Drusilla back to her seat, and stood devoting himself to her service until the tenth dance was called and Captain Reynolds came up to claim her as his partner in the Lancers.

Very soon the prince smiled on the young dragoon, as he gave him up — had said he'd see him at the next dance.

But not Drusilla's smile of courtesy nor the young officer's temper of gratified vanity escaped Ethel half so much as the sly and mean assumed by Prince Ernest.

He, the prince, gazed after the retreating form of the beauty until she was lost in the crowd, and then with a profound sigh he took possession of her vacated seat, picked up a flower that might or might not have fallen from her bouquet, pressed it to his lips and put it in his bosom.

"I'll kill him for that, or he shall kill me! I hardly care which," growled the master in the depths of his heart. He would have liked to throttle his Highness on the spot; and to restraining from doing so he only postponed his vengeance.

When the Lancers came to an end Drusilla retired, complacently attended by the young dragoon, and followed by General Lyon and all the members of her party.

Prince Ernest started up from the sofa and with respectful tenderness took Drusilla's hand and placed her in her seat, and remained standing beside her.

"My dear, it is four o'clock, and you look very tired—had we not better go?" inquired General Lyon, speaking in a low tone to Drusilla.

"Just as you and Aunt Rose please, uncle. As for myself, I am quite ready," she replied.

"So am I," said Mrs. Hammond.

"Come then," said the general, offering his arm to Drusilla.

Pardon me, sir, if you please. I will have the honor to escort Miss Drusilla," exclaimed Prince Ernest.

There a low and a queer smile the general's way.

And the prince, bending before the beauty, took her hand and placed her arm within his own and led her on.

And Alexander from his covert saw all this; and breathing maledictions, followed them, first in the presence of the ambassador and suite, then alone, before whom they passed to make their exit, when to the coach door, where the prince Prince Ernest take Drusilla's bouquet and hold it while one hand, while with the other hand he carefully wrapped her in her mantle; then he followed them down stairs to the door, where they all had to stop and wait some time before their carriage could come up—and finally in the sidewalk, where he saw Prince Ernest carefully place Drusilla in her carriage, and kissing with her hand to his lips as he rode her good-night. Now his turn gone upon the faded beauty, and he had taken from the beauty, who had probably forgotten to reclaim it—again upon the lips, and place it, as some priceless treasure, in the breast of his coat.

That last act of folly filled up the measure of the prince's offenses. It maddened Alexander Hemenforth he was no more responsible for his actions than a lunatic.

Going up to Prince Ernest, he clapped him heavily upon the shoulder.

The prince whirled around with an inventory expression of surprise and anger.

"You, sir, I want a word with you!" exclaimed Alexander, breathing hard somewhat in each act.

"At your pleasure, sir—perhaps." But, first, who may you be?" replied his highness, with cool hauteur.

"There is my card, sir; I would be glad to have yours."

Baron Kierlingen, sir. I do not know that I am in the habit of carrying cards in my pocket, but the invitation to keep! Secondly, my authorization for the insults you have offered to a lady in his near and dear to me?"

"Insults?" exclaimed the excitable Austrian, jumping off his feet. "Insults! I say, I never offer insults to a lady in my life! dare, you speak with untruth! Sir, you speak with the lie! Sure. It is I, myself, I, who will have you grand satisfaction!"

"So you shall! but first give me that bouquet!"

"Sare, I will give you no bouquet! Sure, I fond my bouquet with the best blood of my heart! Sare, by what right you demand my bouquet?"

"By a right too sacred to be talked of here! Give me the bouquet that you have stolen!"

"Stolen?" cried his highness, vaulting into the air. "Sare, I will put back that word down your throat with the point of my rapier, sare! I will have one grand, vun very grand satisfaction, sare!"

"All right! I will send a friend to you this morning, to arrange the terms of a meeting," said Alexander, turning away.

"Make your instrument, sare! I advise you, not your house in order, sare!" exclaimed the Austrian, stalking his hand aloft. "Make your instrument, sare! for, for, myself, I will have vun grand satisfaction! vun very grand satisfaction!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## AN ADVENTURE ON LAKE GEORGE.

"How lonely it is!" oh, how lonely it is!"

The exclamation broke almost unconsciously from Ethel Raynor's lips, as she stood at the hotel window, looking down at the crystal waters of Lake George, flashing back the morning sunshine and surrounded by purple peaks, the adamond of the purest water gleams out from a setting of dim sapphire! In all her "experiences" of New-York society, Ethel had seen nothing so beautiful as this.

Mrs. Ward lifted her head from the enormous trunk she was busied in investigating, with an absent, puzzled sort of look.

"What did you say, Ethel?—oh, yes, very pretty. Are you going to wear the white dress to-day, my dear, or the blue grenadine with the silver trimming?"

"What difference can it possibly make, aunty?" said Ethel, almost petulantly.

It was not pleasant to have the solemn epic of the beautiful lake disturbed by the petty questions of dress and display.

Mrs. Ward rose solemnly to her feet.

"Ethel, I'm astonished at you! If I didn't know that you are too sensible a girl to give way to any such absurdities, I should say that you were in love."

The sudden scarlet mantled on Ethel's face. She moved away from the window into the shadow of the friendly curtain.

"Aunty, I'm going out for a little while."

"Going out?"

To row on the lake. I am sitting in this fevered atmosphere."

Ten minutes afterward Ethel, in company with a fifty-year-old companion—Cora Steele—was gliding over the glassy tides of the beautiful lake in a tidy row-boat, urged along by the skill of their own resolute arms.

"Isn't this glorious?" said Cora, breaking into a peal of girlish laughter. "Oh, Ethel, isn't it better than sitting up in state in the hotel parlors?"

"Better," repeated Ethel, musingly. "Cora, I sometimes wish that I could live up among rocks and trees, and feel only the rain of heaven and the grand solitude for my neighbors; for about all I see does not interest me, and I feel wearied to—"

Cora put down her oar and leaned back, for that her eyes were gazing directly into Ethel's face.

"Ethel," she said, "you have not for some time given any chance since I met you here last summer?"

"I know it."

Cora could feel a crystal drop among her fingers, which apparently engrossed in watching the diamond sparkles—because I have played with the subject half a dozen times—rolled and cast it from me. How do you wonder that I am troubled?"

Cora was silent for a few moments. Her sense of propriety somehow could not compel her to feel the full extent of her friend's trials.

"You mean Bulwig, Ethel?" she said, at length.

"Yes, I mean Bulwig Gray."

"Ethel, surely you never could have united with that—"

"I could, and I did. I think I must have been mad, or dreaming, or—I don't know what. Sometimes when we seem rather to be under the dominion of fate than of ourselves, than of our own wishes."

"Then you do marry him and you refused?"

"Yes."

"But now that it is too late, you have discovered that you were mistaken in your own feelings?"

"I have discovered that my happiness is blighted by my own act. Take care, Cora, we are drifting into the current! Shall we not better resume your oars once more?"

Both spending all the delicious hours of the August morning, bewitched with sunshine, and nodding trees, and the wonderful loveliness of the gems floated on, now passing through opaleon caves of the most exquisite fairy tracery; but the subject that lay nearest both their hearts was not again referred to.

"What time is it, Ethel?"

The sun was declining to a thunder storm rising among those mountains. Look yonder, how black and red. We must row faster."

"If we rowed with fourteen hands, instead of two, we could not get back in time," said Ethel, as she eyed the lurid, heavy-piled mass of vapor that was rapidly rolling up from behind the cliffs from here, with a blasted pine tree hanging over the highest peak. "Oh, Cora, look! look! Ethel, the clouds are getting blacker every instant. Do you know, I've always longed for a real adventure, and I think it is coming now."

Ethel's prophecy was fulfilled in a very different manner than she had expected.

Cora, who was sitting with her back to the shore, suddenly, laying her check upon her companion's shoulder, "do you love me, Ethel?"

"Yes."

And do you think he still loves you?"

"I think his nature is one that, once having fixed its affections, never can change. But I will quash it," said Ethel, softly and drearily.

"Then why do such don't you write to him, Ethel?"

"Why to him?"

"Yes, and tell him that you have been a coquette, and that you repent your cruelty to him, and don't mean ever to do it any more. Why don't you, Ethel?"

"Never?" The scarlet spots rose to Ethel's cheeks, and her eyes flashed with fire from her slender hands. "Oh, Cora, never!"

"Why, Ethel, you are quite a heroine," said the blue-eyed little philosopher, thoughtfully looking at the storm into the cliffs. "Ethel, I, for one, can't understand its symptoms. But I am sure that you will be very unhappy."

"That word will never be spoken," said Ethel, rising with calm dignity. "Come, Cora, it will be time to return."

But Cora's only answer was a wild cry of terror.

"The boat is lost! Ethel, it has sprung its moorings! it is floating off!"

Ethel stood transfixed with horror. The little barque had indeed played them false, and was floating away further and further from the shore, leaving them almost at destitute and helpless in the midst of the wild and lonely waters.

"Oh, what shall we do? what shall we do?" cried Cora, wringing her hands in despair together.

But the words had scarcely left her lips when there was a slight rustle among the ferns and bushes on the shore, and a tall, dark figure that grew bolder them, and the next instant a young Indian, with the bronze complexion and features, plunged into the lake, and striking boldly out with his powerful arms, soon reached the boat, rose and drew the little boat safely ashore. Then he approached the two young ladies, and, lay keel on the sand and pebbles to Cora's astonished gaze.

Ethel came forward to thank the tall apparition, who answered her courtesy among the trees; but as his eyes met hers, the words died away upon her lips, and she stood, with a speechless figure in his eye, that neither of the girls had ever witnessed before. He advanced a step or two, and took Ethel's hand in both of his.

"I have no intention of misconstruing, but I could not avoid hearing the voices that aroused me from my slumbers among the ferns, and sweet form overhead. I had been hunting in the mountains, and had wandered out, as I—"

"What did you hear?" murmured Ethel, feeling as if every drop of blood in her body was concentrated in her cheeks and forehead.

"Enough to make me the happiest mortal in existence. There—don't think anything. It has been a long reigns, but it is solved at last. Do you hear the big drops pattering down among the leaves? Come, Cora, we must take shelter in the hollow cleft that has been my hunting quarters for the last two weeks."

"You have been here for two weeks?"

"Yes—but the length of time you have spent on the lake. Do you wonder at my knowledge of your movements? Ethel, my heart has fallen into faithfully since last we parted, and I was content to be near you, even though you were unconscious of it."

Half an hour afterwards, when Lake George was all a sparkle in the sunshine once more, and every bush and tree that fined the shores was glittering with bright, swinging drops, the little boat again pushed off from the strand, and with a sparkling in their bosoms, Ethel and Cora Gray sat at the helm, as handsome as a Mohawk brave in his hunting costume, and the dark hair pushed away from his sunburned forehead. And in all the beautiful experience of her after life, Ethel held most dear and precious that summer day upon the beautiful banks of Lake George, the fairest jewel in all the Northern Garden of waters!

## THE EVIL GENIUS,

### By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CONSPIRATOR," "HUGUENOT FAMILY," "THE FATAL RESOLVE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

On a cold, disagreeable evening in November, Fenton set out for the Glades to warn Inez of the danger impending over her, if she refuse to leave her. He had no intention of telling her the whole truth; that would be the surest way to blow to dust her trusting heart at once. He would only use her influence to soften his brother, and, if possible, gain her consent to his marriage with Ethel, that he might be a little hope of success.

If Mrs. Markland could only be induced to continue his present liberal allowance after their marriage, he would be content to wait awhile before the winner ended. If she refused to do this, he would throw down the high hand that had fallen on her happiness; for Fenton could not, in honor, accept any help from either the wretched dastard and uncertainties that filled his future.

Inez was not at home when Fenton reached the residence. Fenton dismounted at the door of the cabin, and, with unconcealed disgust, Dr. Peebles opened it, carrying Dyon in her arms and followed by Mrs. Markland. The sight of the unmanned trace had been effected between the two ladies. Dyon, in his hunting costume, was handsome. The woman herself looked far happier than during her life with the wretched Ben Hawks, and she was evidently glad to welcome Fenton to the shelter of her home.

Miss Inez is playing backgammon with her pa," she said, in a pleasant voice. "Please walk in here and have a holiday, sir! Inez will put up with you for a few minutes, I think, as best as can enough, and that is all he cares for."

"Is Inez at home?" he inquired.

"Be sure to interest him sufficiently to allow me to see her alone, if you can, Dyon. I have something important to say to her to-night."

"I'll have Inez out in a minute, sir; but I have had a great deal to attend to to-day. Please excuse me, sir, if I am not quite out of order—that is all."

Fenton accepted a step nearer and in a mysterious tone said:

"Dyon, I know Mr. Fenton, about the trustees taking possession of the money Miss Inez was left. Has even her father any claim to such gift as yet. Where's a Providence, you know, that Inez should have such a good friend that, in the event of Mr. Peebles' death, she will be left comfortably provided for. Single and married, I have had a great deal to do with such matters, and I know how divided such people and diamonds and dressed in gold cloth, and I never had much dreams about any one that they did not come to great good fortune."

With a curious look Fenton was thoughtful.

"I only wish I had your faith, Mrs. Perkins, Dyon," he said. "Inez is not here, and I am not now. I shall find Mr. Lopez and his daughter in the room on the right."

"No, sir; I came to take you to the new parlor, which is the best room in the house. In fact, sir, a surprise for you when it was all ready, and I was to have kept it a secret from you. Mr. Fenton, you will have the sweetest wife in the world when you marry Inez, and I should feel glad that you'll be as happy together as the angels in heaven. Please walk this way, sir."

She does, I know, but as to myself, I am much more in love with my own misfortunes. But lead the way, if you please, for I am impatient to see Inez, and to have our interview over."

Thus admonished, Mrs. Perkins crossed the hall, and threw open the door of the room, and opening into the apartment of Mr. Lopez. A more perfect picture of home happiness and perfection of comfort and good taste.

The little parlor was complete with a large tay window on one side draped with crimson damask curtains, and a comfortable rug on the oak carpet, the prevailing tone of which was the same crimson. A bright fire in the grate, and a bright wood fire was burning.

The furniture was simple and selected with perfect taste, and two large vases filled with fresh flowers stood upon a table between the windows, and a bird-cage hung from the ceiling with black, with a knot of ribbon of the same color fastened to the wires and tied in the fair, silky locks of a beautiful little girl, who was sitting upon the knee of a handsome, dark-eyed man, who was evidently singing the dice in his box before throwing them.

Three twice in succession! I declare, Inez, that is the fifth time you have beaten me at playing. But it's got a decider; in my turn, I will throw, and may God deal with you as you deal with me!"

"Papa, you will get them, papa, for I do not care to win. Oh! here is Godfrey at last!" and springing from her father's knee and throwing down the dice, and as Fenton's heart was, he was forgotten.

"So—you have come at the eleventh hour," said Mr. Lopez, with a flash of his black eyes which showed that he was not in one of his best moods. "Inez, you may as well leave me to wait till evening to welcome you to the Glades, for I see that you have forgotten me, and that Ex up this room as a pleasant surprise for you. I hope to think that you will not intend to leave us tremen tasso. I hope that you will enjoy it so much as your daughter blended you should when she furnished it."

"Oh! it wasn't done for me. I like my own dear father than any other place; but in the new state of things will be improved with my daughter's marriage with you, I agreed that we must have some of the dismal rooms gayed and furnished up. Inez has done her part very finely, and the rooms are looking very grand; that we could afford with our increased income. A thousand a year is wealth to us, you know, after living so long on little more than half that sum."

Fenton winced a little at the reference to an income which he had reluctantly made up his mind would never inure to him. He looked around.

"It was well thought of, I am sure; and I am most flattered and grateful."

"Of course, of course. But pray enlighten me as to the nature of the important business you spoke of. Since my affairs were so well looked by, I had no idea that you had any other occupation than to amuse yourself."

With a sigh Fenton cast a look on his chair Mrs. Perkins placed for him, and slowly said:

"Until a few hours ago, that was the case; but an imperative summons from my mother, who is ill, has reached me, and I must set out for Mississippi to-morrow. I have been busy making arrangements for my departure, or I should have been here many hours ago."

At this announcement Inez sank back, pale and trembling, and her father angrily said:

"I do not understand you, Mr. Fenton. I have been under the impression that, before you leave for your southern home, you would be united to my daughter. I hope that the loss of her fortune has nothing to do with this change in your intentions."

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Inez, in a faint tone, "pray do not speak thus. You wrong Fenton cruelly by such an accusation."

Fenton turned toward her, and fervently said:

"Yes, he does wrong me, Inez; for, if ever a man willingly loved a woman, I love you. The dearest hope of my life is to call you mine, but I will not be so base as to take advantage of you to gain my mother's consent to our union before my own plans. Her letters inform me that I hope that anything can be accomplished unless I am with her, and I will not, my self, be guilty here in such an encounter as must eventually give me the victory. Besides, I am afraid if she has summoned me to her bed-side I and, if I am not with her, she will die, and I shall feel her forgiveness for my disobedience."

"Then your mother would make his consent to your marriage with Ethel?"

"You are quite right, Godfrey. Your mother is ill, and Ethel shares in my affections next to her side. You will come back, I feel sure, and bring with you her consent to the completion of our happiness."

"Thank you, dear Inez; I knew that you would be just to me," breathed Fenton, in his heartfelt tone.

But Lopez, in an irritated voice, cried out:

"Nonsense, Inez! Fenton is only deceiving us by daughter as your wife! If my fortunes have failed, I was once a Cuban planter, and some of the acres blood of Spain flows in my veins. Look at your hand, Inez, and see if it is almost impertinence in any American woman to suppose the union of her son with one of my race. This is the first time I have heard an objection to your marriage with Ethel Fenton."

The young man controlled his temper, and steadily replied:

"My objections proceeded from your daughter, sir, that the heart of my mother is set on making a match for me with a young lady of her own. But Inez also knows that I am devoted to her, and that, if I am to my home for a time, it is come my mother's desire to see me give my heart to the one she has loved and cherished."

I shall speedily return, bearing her consent to my marriage with Inez, and, if I do not, I will be here this, sir, I should not have courage to sever from you. Inez, even for a time, for I know would fail to tell you how much she is to me—how dear she has become to my heart."

Inez gave him an unusual look of tenderness, and Fenton could not help feeling that the heart of Fenton next his was full of love for him. He felt that he was but paving the way to the relinquishment of that which was necessary to elevate him to the noble stature of manhood, he had never attained under the influence of either of his gentle and pure creatures—the true kindness of Inez, and the love of Ethel.

Lopez was impressed by Fenton's words and manner, and his tone was less harsh.

"You speak fairly enough, Mr. Fenton, but if you do not intend to wrong us, you will not be so unkind to the admission of my daughter into your family. I should never feel happy in such a union, and you would be compelled to choose between us. I will not doubt my power to overcome your opposition to my marriage with Inez, and I will not be the wretchedness of this parting by showing unmanly weakness. I assure you that I am not."

Lopez did recall his own experience. He remembered how his father had opposed his union and had broken from a doting old father, and, with a sudden effort, he controlled himself by mind.

"Inez, be composed now, Godfrey. Things have gone so far between you and Inez that it is impossible for you to part with honor. There is nothing to left us but to confide in that. If it is your wish to wed, Inez, be no child of mine if she does not cast you from her heart as a villainous perjurer of faith or confidence."

"Those are hard words, Mr. Lopez."

The man turned upon him a look that put his intend to deserve them. But I have said enough. Inez has no one to defend her but the wretched, partially, old father; and, if you do not intend to wrong her, you will not refuse me perfect impunity. Go your way, Godfrey Fenton, and may God deal with you as you deal with my poor child!"

Fenton did not say unon to this. He was sensitive stricken, and at that moment he felt as if he was the basest and most contemptible of men. For a few moments he felt tempted to throw himself upon the love of Inez, and accept the sequences of his mother's anger; but his cautious, his fear of splendor, came to his aid, prevailed, and he cravingly replied:

"I will send in another room for me, sir, for I aspire to become all to all in to her. After a few words of silence, in which Inez had controlled her emotion, she said:

"Godfrey, you love, my love, my life—do not, indeed nothing happen to sever us, I shall be the most lost—the most wretched of men! But I will overcome every obstacle to our perfect union. I will make my mother so think a love for you that she will so eagerly look forward to claiming you as her daughter as I do to claiming you as my wife."

As Inez, with smiles spoke, he drew Inez toward the bay window which formed a large projection into the lawn, the heavy curtains that partially behind them, shielding them from the angry observation of Mr. Lopez. That gentleman, sharp-sighted in some kind, and Mrs. Perkins sprang to her feet, and, with a warning look and place of hand on the indignation breast, and soon the rattling of the dice was heard in the room to which they had retired.

A silver cord through the middle frame of Inez as she looked out on the skeleton arms of the lake her eye caught a glimpse of their foliage; and in spite of the assurance to recently uttered, a cold presentiment of approaching evil thrilled to her heart. For a few moments that strong, solemn holiness, composed of all its verdant beauty, seemed to her a type of the future that was lowering over her.

But the ardent words of Fenton soon dispelled such fancies, and she listened and trembled at the earnest passion in his tones as he vowed eternal fidelity to her again and again. She had no power to resist such pleadings, and when he asked her to give him a last pledge that they would be true to each other, she laid her slender hand in his, and together they repeated a form of betrothal, which, to her was as binding as if the priest had spoken the nuptial benediction over them.

Inez heard and sank upon his breast, and the compact was sealed by pressing his lips to hers. Fenton felt that he was bound to her for life, that a clergyman had been present, and it had been impossible to make him less sacred than even the preliminary of a license. Fenton would have been a villain indeed to have broken his promise.

In that hour he was deeply in earnest, and he was sincere in his love. He thought of all the possibilities, if that were necessary to the reconciliation of Mrs. Markland to their union. Fenton was entranced, yet most wretched in his double dealing with Inez and Ethel, and he spent last words the last he should ever enjoy with Inez, for he felt that he could not bear to look upon her face again. He could support the ripple of the separation that must temporarily exist between them, but he could not look on her sorrows, and they would compensate her in some degree for the loss of his presence and his love-smile.

"You will write to me every day, Godfrey. Promise to keep a journal of all that happens to you, and send it to me as often as you can."

"I will write to you, dearest. I will pour out my heart to you, Inez, and I will faithfully promise to keep a journal. I never could but that I would write to you, and I will keep as mechanical a proceeding for one of my temperament. I shall have to submit to your censure."

"Then say to me whatever your heart prompts you to say, Godfrey, and I will submit to it as my highest ambition—my severest hope. I shall look for your letters, and I shall read them with the deepest interest, and they would compensate her in some degree for the loss of your presence and your

was the prompt reply. "Then we can have a new Christmas festival."

"Just shall be ready for the wedding by the time you come home."

"I thank you for the sun-tonic, sir. It makes me mind happy."

And, turning toward Inez, Fenton impulsively enfolded her trembling form with his arms, and, dropping on his knees before her father, he cried out:

"Here is now my dear children, Mr. Lopez, that I may marry with my love the assurance that you bear no ill-will toward me for what I am compelled to do."

Inez sank down beside him, and Lopez said, with a laugh:

"I think this author a mein-dramatic reconciling for my sentiments. I am not any cure, Cudjey; but if you value my blessing, it is yours; and if I were a better man I would pray to Heaven to darse down on you and my dear girl, who ever-lasty deserve a good husband to repay her for all her kindness to her irritable and often unmanageable father."

He laid a washed hand on the head of each, and, elevating them, raised his eyes and his voice with more emotion than he often evinced.

Fenton knew, now the palpitating form he had tightly clasped to his arms one fervent embrace, loosed his hold on her, and rushed into the hall.

Jack was ready with his horse, and tossing him a piece of gold, he rode away in the night at to fathom a mystery that had long puzzled black his head and multiplied.

"I wonder what he expected to happen to that horse after such headlong racing as that? and he sighs as a woman, who has been compelled to see how to make his way through the woods without thinking about it. Master Ned, he fairly blunder-ses all gone, or something might happen to that animal, I reckon."

In spite of Jack's hopeful prognostic, Fenton rested Newport in safety, and completed his mysterious journey without further adventure.

After quietly reading over his mother's last letter, he paced the floor of his room for a considerable of the night, alternately cursing his fate and fighting it bravely, as he made up his mind to take to an irreparable breach with the parent. He would not be driven from the girl he loved.

Mrs. Markland told him that she was very ill, but let his brave heart be encouraged to be a man to bring him more especially to her presence; but, for or false, for he would not make a step to be called him all that was most precious to him in life, save the girl he hoped to win by keeping of the good graces of the imperious despot who had bread him from infancy.

On the following morning Fenton set out for Sachem, and in the course of a few days arrived and steamboats enabled him to do till he gained he place of his destination.

## CHAPTER XXX.

The perfect physical organization of Miss Gordon rendered her peculiarly liable to the attacks of fever when the reaction really commenced, and this was not often to be long her weak and single as formerly with the family.

Mr. Lyne was anxious to her kindness, but and her patient was quite strong and blooming by the time she came to the subject of Miss Lyne's engagement as a governess, of which she had spoken during their conversation.

Miss often led to the subject herself, and although she would never consent to allow of the to leave at all, unless the mysterious uncle who had been mentioned by Mrs. Lyne should be able to appear in person.

Mr. Lyne quietly evaded all her efforts to learn by what to offer of addition had been made, and she thought her protégée sufficiently amused by the journey she had undertaken that would eventually take.

In a drive taken on October she sought Miss in her own apartment, bearing with her a letter she had received from the city below. The young girl threw down the book she was reading, and drew from her luxurious position on the sofa, half, in an animated tone:

"I see that the letter has made an isst, for the long-promised enlightenment as to who wrote it service of teacher and school for his only daughter. It is not so, dear Mrs. Lyne?"

"You are right, Miss. I have received for two a series talk with you about your future, for I feel the deepest interest in your success in life. Those talents and beauty, and in spite of the blow of your friends on the cheek, I think you can serve out a desirable destiny for yourself. To-day, at this, I am a few years of light labor, over the means of independence; for it is very true indeed, a girl of your years and attractive looks a year offered for doing so little or to fill the vacancy of you, besides having the advantage of a luxurious home, in which ever you will be constantly situated to."

"A thousand a year? That is a temptation indeed, Mrs. Lyne, and for more. I am sure, that my services will be worth. But what am I to do with this generous offer?"

"You will instruct a girl of sixteen in music, French, drawing and composition. For the rest, for other things she has great talents. I know that I am not mistaken in the character of her, and I am very well informed."

"You—I can do all that; but I had far rather have my time at my position if you will only consent to keep me. I looked forward to being a darling of comfort and to the enjoyment of my gifts drinks from the humiliation of poverty, and thought people as a paid dependent. I am afraid that the large salary offered will compensate for the descent you if you will only let me stay."

Mr. Lyne shook her head.

"My should you speak of yourself as a dependent? You are not, and you know that. My friendship can as a woman can fill! The decadence of such a salary was far inferior to that offered to your care, and you will be treated in every respect as an equal. I am sorry that you have set his mind on one of our sex can fill it more independent than you which is observed you. There are the set of the vulgar rich, who presume to look down on an unemployed lady and a no life, who does for their children what they are capable of doing themselves. You will be occupied with your pupil but a few hours in the day, and the remainder you desire to be left entirely yourself as you please. You will have your own apartment, with more personal attendance than you have been accustomed to; the use of the carriage when you desire it, and be in the house of a wealthy southern planter you will see with a constant succession of guests. You my mind there all that a woman needs to make her happy. I am sure that you will not be so ungrateful to make a brilliant marriage."

Being thus urged to use all the advantages the night across to her protégée, Mrs. Lyne paused, expecting a very different reply from the one she received.

Jack bent dreamed, and she defiantly said:

"I will not marry for money, if that is what you mean. I have been willing to do so if I could have accepted Adolphus Bates, for I believe he was infatuated enough to have taken me without a penny. Oh! Mrs. Lyne, don't ask me to go South as a governess. After all my dreams of grandeur when removed to that sunny land, it is too great a fall. I could not bear it."

"But, my dear woman, you must get over such childish objections, for you may never have such an offer again in your life. Even if I could bring you to your former position in my school I could not afford to pay you more than half the sum that is offered; but that is quite out of the question. Your place has been filled, and I could not discharge Miss Balmaine merely for the purpose of installing you. She is a competent teacher, and I could not be unjust to her."

"Let her go South in my place, then. She is quite as capable of filling the situation as I am. An order was sent to you for a teacher, and all you have to do is to fill it to the best of your ability. Is it not so, dear Madam?"

"No—for the situation was offered to you, and I have no authority to cancel another. If you decline it, I must write to that effect."

Miss's eyes widened with surprise, and her interest was at once aroused.

"Do me! Who on earth is it that knows anything of my down-fall? Can it be that you have mentioned the name of the liberal person who is so anxious to secure me as a useful and ornamental daughter?"

"I have I not named him? It was an inadvertence on my part. Mr. William Hastings, of Huntingdon, is the man."

Miss interrupted her by an exclamation of astonishment and triumph:

"Mr. Hastings? Why did you not name him before, Madam? I should at once have accepted an offer from him, even if the salary had been far less than what you offer me. Why did you not name him I could have hoped for! Better than I dreamed could ever be my fortune again!"

The old lady stared at her in mute surprise, but she presently replied with a smile:

"What do you know of this gentleman that makes you so willing to accept a position you so positively declined to fill? You are a strange enigma to me, Miss."

"But I understand myself perfectly. What can I know of Mr. Hastings? He is really little more than a name, but I believe, but I am acquainted with some friends and neighbors of his, who have been kind enough to speak highly of him. I met with them this summer at Saratoga, and I have had a correspondence more than very agreeable. I heard both Mr. and Mrs. Hastings speak of you, and I know that my way or deeply interested in you. Mr. Hastings is to be my pupil, and I shall have the opportunity to be of use to him and perhaps to you, if I choose to put in it. Of course I shall do my best to enlighten her mind with a proper knowledge of the world. Eureka! I believe I was born under a lucky star, Mrs. Lyne."

Her exulting excitement would not be repressed, and Mrs. Lyne left her to indulge in her dancing eyes. She gravely said:

"You will not be sorry to go into young lady, I am sure, Miss, or I would not venture to recommend you; thinking that you will be very glad to do that. I was only requested to offer Miss Gordon the position of governess because Mr. Hastings's family, with the salary I have named. The friends you refer to are, no doubt, one or two speakers of you and interested him to you. Did you give them permission to mention your name? application would be successful with yourself?"

Miss turned her head quite contemptuously.

"Indeed I did not; for then I was perfectly satisfied to remain with you. Mrs. Lyne, you are as fond of me as if I had been her own daughter. Do you think I am ungrateful to you for all you who hoped to marry her since, I should now have had wealth and position enough to be able to a debt that I intend to pay with interest at some future day; but we were not to be rich, and I am so enchanted with this unexpected opening that I cannot refuse it. I am glad to have had a choice. Will you write to Mr. Hastings, or shall I do it myself? Perhaps you will be less trouble to hear from me; as he can then judge of my style of composition, and see if I am a fit instructor of such a subject."

"I will write to Mr. Hastings, and write N you choose."

"Certainly I shall choose. By the way, do you know that I am said to resemble a lady-governess? I have been told of it more than once."

Mrs. Lyne seemed for the to give utterance to some thought that struck her, but shut them again resolutely, and after a pause said:

"It is very singular that you should have been selected on the very day that your services as you were not recommended to Mr. Hastings. This is accidental to you, and you cannot have any know something of your family, Miss?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and with a contstrained laugh replied:

"Oh! I am off going out into the world on such a mission as that of Jaques in search of—I don't know what. Perhaps I may meet with and discover my father, I assure you. I am not ashamed to conceal himself behind a curtain of mystery; I shall make no effort to find him out. If he is acknowledged at all, it must be through his own volition, for my pride will not allow me to inquire into what he evidently wishes to conceal. If Mr. Hastings should ever speak to me about volunteer any information on the subject to my family, I shall tell him that I do not wish to be all."

Mrs. Lyne regarded her searchingly, for she had little faith in the professed indifference of her own interested and ambitious child. She was remembered too well the fabulous struggles she had made to conceal her birth, and the pains she make her own way in life, after being reared and educated in such a manner as to unfit her for into the belief that she was the heiress of great wealth.

She gravely said:

"It may be as well, perhaps, for you to clear all this indifference toward your family, since you are about to enter upon a career that will bring you in contact with the world. It is, I conceived to thank him for giving me a chance to do well for myself, and for one in which I am to take up my new abode. I am rather one more than a dependent on the charity such a position."

"I am glad that you are reasonable at last, though why such a preference should be accorded to that gentleman I am at a loss to imagine."

Here I not explained to you that I already know several of their friends? That I am intimate with the family of Mr. Hastings's wife and daughter, and besides I am curious to see the girl who is said to be the very counterfeit of the pet on the paper, and I may be able to throw something of light on its truth and confidence in God. It tells us that the power which Mrs. Lyne smiled at her speech, and drew the envelope from her pocket. Nina seized on it with avidity, and rapidly opening the form a second on one day, while, in the beneficence of it, one day is as a thousand years; it tells us, still further, this in the magnificent system of His government, there exists no evil; that the appearances which, to our limited and temporary view, seem pregnant with destruction, are, in the mighty extent of His providences, the source of increasing good; and that, in the very hour when we might conceive failure to be deserted and forlorn, the spirit of the Almighty is operating with unceasing force, and preparing in silence the resources of the world.

## DANIEL, THE SERVING MAN.

My name, ch? Well, you might call me Dan, if you like. No matter for the rest of it. Dame Matthews formed me amongst the eggs in the barn yard, a week-old baby—fronted, to be sure, by the finest oak and good law, with just this written on a piece of paper pinned to my clothes:

"Call him Daniel, and be what his wretched mother should have been, and God bless you!"

Dame Matthews was childless and lonely, many besides, and Dame Matthews kept me out of charity.

A poorful woman, who had struggled enough by with her own bread—who had no little to replace in on earth that she looked to heaven for in her joy. She talked about dying and going there, as children talk of a pleasant journey, and with that end did her duty as far as she knew.

Once a week, when Sunday came, she locked the washing away in her little chest of drawers, and put on her best shawl and bonnet, worn for fifteen years, and went to church.

I used to go with her, but I'm afraid I took little need of sermon or text. I used to stare about at the fine folks, and more of all at Squire Nay's daughter in the old-fashioned family pew, wondering at her beauty, and at her golden hair and her pink bonnet, and as though she had been something more than an ordinary child-thing. Once perhaps, as I thought of them then, I thought so.

Be that as it may, and there was no one else in the pew except her father—a man who hardly grips knew them, and who was portly, and had a florid face and high, red-looked nose, and no poor people. Sometimes when Mass Agnes came in the pew opened with a high-up kind fashion, I used to think of the Bible voices that Dame Matthews read to me during the long, dull great oak which Dame Matthews said was an hundred years old; she was so strong and tough, he so grand and large. And years after, when I had left Squire Nay's service, and Dame Matthews was dead, I loved Miss Agnes with a love that was born in those Sunday days.

A good many years went by without much change. Miss grew into a beautiful lady, while she began to take lessons in Spanish of a tall, Spanish-looking man, who had a way of looking her with his great black eyes that made me wonder why I loved her there when I saw him with the Spanish lessons meant by his visits; and soon I found out Jeremiah began to whisper about it, and to "wonder what the Squire would say."

Then I found out that Miss Agnes was a little mistress could like such a dark, angry-looking man in that sort of manner, and what the Squire called me to time—I did other things besides think of Miss Agnes.

"Dan, remember that Spanish fellow is not to come sneaking here on any pretext whatever. He is not employed to give Miss Agnes lessons any longer."

It was not my place to ask questions. I only touched my hair, and said, "Very well, sir," and honoured that evening that "master had found out." I knew that Miss Agnes had been told that he had forbidden her to see the Spanish teacher again.

When I drove Miss Agnes out next I saw she had on her pink bonnet, and I knew that she meant to wear those dress she wore, and there was a letter in her hand, and I knew that she was in a sweeter voice than usual. So drove to Miss Wychcliffe, her old nurse, who lived in a little cottage on the out of sight of the house, she said, in a soft whisper:

"Dan, you may go home. Drive toward the wood, down beside the river, Dan."

I touched my hat, and drove her.

But there, as though he had been waiting for them, stood a new and tall man, in flashing gentleman; and my mistress made me stop in a lovely place. I went and stood beside them, and I saw him start up and kiss her hand, and then it afterwards in a way that made me feel sad. But, of course, it was not my place to think of such things.

He brought her back to the carriage at last, helped her in, and stood looking into her eyes, and talking in his own language. He had been talking Spanish to her, I knew, and he kissed his hand once more when they parted. Then I drove home, and my mistress went into no one saw and said, so inquiringly:

"Don't tell anybody, Dan, that you haven't yell pups."

Something feeling came over me as though she needed care, and it was I who must protect her. So I said, "Very well, miss," and I went and drove her carriage.

I did not wherever you bid me, Miss Agnes," said, "but——"

"But what, Dan?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon, but is it quite right, miss?" I said.

She began to cry.

"I don't know to think whether is right or wrong," she said. "I—I must see him. Don't you see, Dan?"

I didn't see, but, knowing all she wish than it was wrong. But I wouldn't turn traitor to Miss Agnes, even for the Squire, and I drove her as often and often to the quiet place in the old wood, and watched while she talked to the Spanish gentleman.

The Squire never guessed the truth, and he was such a good master to me that it seemed hard to deceive him. But I was very sorry to happy all that while.

Miss Agnes was terrible—almost that, I think, and I knew from what the women in the kitchen said, that the old gentleman wanted Miss Agnes to marry some one else, and that she refused—I never saw her father face to face, and never troubled every day until the end came.

Then I was taken a great piece-like some miles away, and Miss Agnes and the Squire were both to go. I was had a letter to carry to Miss Wychcliffe, and she went to join the party alone. Before they left she kissed her father over and over again, and clung to him as though she could not bear to leave him.

He laughed at her for a baby, and I heard him say:

"If you love me so well, Aggy, remember that you are the only thing I have to love, and kinder than usual to young Morris to-day. He is very ill, and has a fine wife-child young fellow, and his kind John cure."

He said nothing at all to that, and the next moment I drove her away—not to the pink-bonnet place, but to the old wood and the stream. I stopped, and it is quiet part of the road I saw a gentleman on horseback coming toward us.

Then the Spaniard turned to me.

"Dan, you may leave. I have very faithful," he said, in his broken English; "here is money." I took it, and I must have given me a look that would not take it.

"I will have done—and I'm afraid it is all wrong," I said—"I did for my young lady."

And she began to weep.

"Oh, Papa! Papa!" she said.

And I knew what had been brought about.

"You're not going away, Miss Agnes?" I said.

And she sobbed:

"Oh! he will forgive me—I'd sure he will forgive me! and I shall come back again. You'll take a little present from me, won't you, Dan, ?"

"No," I said—not money. I'll take some little thing to remember you by, but not money."

She knew what I meant, and she just unpinned the white rose she had worn in her belt, and gave to me.

Good-bye, Dan," she said; and I answered, "Got bless you, Miss."

And she was gone. I saw the close carriage drive away; and something strange came over me, and, I suppose, I finished—guess thing for a young man to do, but so it was. For you see, if I had given her no token to carry off with him, I could not have felt more guilty.

I went home, and I drove home me as I lay there, and the story came out without my telling it. They found, I believe, that I had been bullied down, and Agnes carried off by force. But I went to the Hall to tell the old Squire the truth. It was no use when I got there, for the Squire had received him, and had had an attack of apoplexy, and was thought to be dying.

He did not die though, but he never was quite himself again; and, when I tried to make enquiries about Miss Agnes, I found that she could be brought to hear her name, and I gave up trying to tell my part in the affair after a while.

I did not want to leave the place either, for I had grown very fond of the Squire, and he took a sudden great liking for me.

He was a fine Anglo-Saxon gentry of him, and that her husband wrote since; but the Squire never said much to me about it, and I was glad of apoplexy, and was thought to be dying.

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He was a fine Anglo-Saxon gentry of him, and that her husband wrote since; but the Squire never said much to me about it, and I was glad of it.

I heard the two were very poor and that he was ill, and that Miss Agnes's beauty was gone, I was told.

As she has sown so must she reap. She is dead to me forever?"

He was a man who never gave publication he had been, and he shut up most of the handsome house and lived away in a couple of rooms by himself; and we lived in two little rooms in a wing, and I waited on him day and night.

Sometimes I used to think his mind was wandering, for now and then he would say to me, "Dan?"

No one else thought so though; and he was firm enough about Miss Agnes, Heaven knows.

But I made up my mind that I would watch when he. Senior Cordella was dead, and the Spaniard, who was a widower, had married a lady and to other poverty. But, even when she was dead, he chose to remember her with the old woman, and said to himself again and again:

"If he will only write to me!"

I could not bear to think of what might come to pass if he never heard from her, and I wrote to him. I wrote to her and told the Squire except what I could not help telling him, and I wrote to her myself, and told her that I knew she was dying, and that she must see me first. That was only a servant. She was sad and changed, and was greatly altered, but I dared not offer her the savings I had brought with me, and I knew that she had no money.

I went back to my place with my old master, and tried my best to soften him; but all in vain. He died, I think, a year after Miss Agnes left.

At last, one night when he had been quite ill for some days, I was beside the room looking how very ill he seemed to be and wondering where Miss Agnes was, when he called me to him.

"Daniel," he said, "you've been a good son to me, Daniel."

"A good servant, I hope, Master," I said.

"No, Dan," he said, in a low voice, "I meant it, Dan. You know that portrait?"

He pointed to Mrs. Agnes's portrait over the mantel-piece, where it had always hung.

"Yes, sir," I said that was your wife."

"I had a wife before I married her, private," he said. "I was a poor man when I was about to own. She was my true, true wife, Dan; but when my father died, and left me rich, I should have been wiser to marry some one more my worldly equal. And here I am. And she brought herself disgraced, poor girl, and hid her shame. And she was the one I loved, Dan—the dearest sight—under the blue river-water.

"Yes, sir," I said, and you will find a will in my escritoire where I have written down the whole wicked story. I am sure you will be kind to your mother to be spotless and pure. I will leave you a handsome legacy, Daniel, but that what I dread not confess. It grieves me now to think of the sin and the wickedness of it, and those will talk of me who have respected me so long. But I will be my own justice, Daniel, and—"

Then his breath grew shorter.

"The old will—written ten years ago—leaving everything to Agnes, and I have not had time to—it still in the book-case," he panted. "This scandal will be hard for her to bear, Daniel. She shall never have a penny—a bad daughter. Dan, I—"

He fell forward on my arm with these words, quite dead. He had died with a curse on his mother. I felt that deeply. But I wept over him, and I could not help thinking of the days when he used to be so kind to me, and I was very sorry.

And from that prayer I rose up and locked the room door, and went to the escritoire before in the secretaire, and that which made me master of Squire Nay's wealth. I could not help glimpsed into the failing authors, and saw shrived to ashes before that very time when he struggle to do it without a sang.

Then I sat down and wrote to Agnes.

"MADAM,"—I wrote—I send this, with my sent respects, to tell you of my master, your father, is dead, and that, in a will written long ago, he has left you all. I am sorry to say that he died in the dogs, poor soul. Your servant, DANIEL.

And that I went about to tell the news of the Squire's death.

I was present also to the funeral, and I drove her home as I had driven her when she left it, but she and will was read, and she became mistress of the Hall. And, after a year of mourning, she being young, and Cordella very still, a gentleman and every way worthy of her name, came and asked with her; and she it married to him now, and is very happy.

And I have kept my secret to myself; and the world shall never know, nor shall she, of the will the old Squire left, or that I was anything nearer to her than Daniel, the Servant Man.

—It is not only more honorable, but also more delightful to give than to receive.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

## WE PASS ALONG.

BY TAMAR ANNE KENNEDY.

Sift, day by day, we pass along
The busy path of life,
And listen to the mingled sounds
Of joy, and grief, and strife.
The sunbeams give their radiant light,
The shadows near us creep,
And many hopes and many cares
Go with us as we sleep.

The clouds which float along our sky
Are sometimes dark and drear,
And sadness lingers day by day—
Temperance, dark, and cold.
Then within sings and within hearts
We tread the great highway,
Counting with careless hands the flowers
Which bloom for us each day.

Absorbed in all our shallow plans—
Alas! how blind we are
To faith—which speaks of better things"—
To the bright morning star.
To rest, our Father's blessed King.
Make all our business cease,
And our footsteps in the way
Which leads to endless peace.

## SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

### FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XVIII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

OF MY SECOND VOYAGE.

Those were pleasant, happy days that I spent at the old house during the spring of 1811 I had a cousin about my own age there. Agreeably to the promise which I had made when I left the place on the occasion of my first visit, when I came again I brought with me a number of presents which I had procured in Calcutta for my friends, and with those they were very much pleased. My brother Hiram was so far mollified by the reception of a Chinese gong and a box of fire-works, that he forgot his cause of offence, and came around to be quite agreeable and affectionate. For my mother I had brought a fine Canton shawl, and a shell comb for my sister, Mary Jane, a box of sealers and a Chinese doll; and, as good luck would have it, I had a very pretty pattern of India silk which I gave to Eunice.

When the time for the second parting came we were only midway down the Ocean to the old house. My mother and my sister kissed me and blessed me; other friends shook me by the hand and bade me God-speed. But where was Eunice? I found her beneath the great apple-tree, and she had been crying. She tried to hide it, however, when she saw me, and put on a look of the utmost fortitude. I don't know how it was—perhaps it was because I was so generous—perhaps it was to help her hide her sorrow—but I found myself actually growing down-hearted at my journey, and when forced to say that there was no help for it but to go, I felt as though I had not spoken as I should. I stopped and looked at her, and found myself growing to my heart-strings. I moved quickly to her side and took her hand.

"Eunice," I said, "henceforth I shall feel as though my life was worth more than ever before."

"Is it for my sake?" she whispered.

"It is for your sake, darling."

I watched a kiss and hurried away. At the garden gate I heard my name pronounced, and upon looking around I saw my brother Ethan hiding in a gap of the thick hedge behind a linden-ordained tree.

"I'll tell you," cried he, "see if I don't;" he said to me.

I patted his head, and bade him good-bye.

"Be a good boy," I said, "and I'll bring you some something nice when I come."

"You needn't fetch anything for me, old Hiram; for I'm a-going to run away to-morrow."

I smiled at the little fellow's pouted earnestness; but he did not accept my offer of a peace-offering. I thought of those tearful eyes I had left beneath the sycamores, and again made for Boston, trying to my soul that my life was worth more than ever before,—and—one man knows it.

When I reached Salem I found Mr. Derby at his counting-house. He had been drinking, so that delirium tremens had set in, and the doctor would not trust him. I was sorry to hear this, for that he was not going to our ship, for I much loved the man for a good-natured, open-hearted fellow; but it was as Mr. Gay said, "the will of the Lord be done." The result was, the ship should be a month ready for sea. Mr. Charles Sanborn was mate and Mr. Wallace Farwell, as chief; I, being second, and Captain Derby had decided to fill up the vacancy that was slipped ruined Philip Cummings. And a rare appointment it was for that same Cummings. He had never been to India before, but he had sailed from Boston to Liverpool and back, and was a boon-builder by trade. Mr. Derby had tried to fathom his character, but because there are times when a good ship-carpenter is a valuable acquisition on a long voyage, and he gained him now by offering him a much advanced upon seaman's wages, he was willing to stand his watch with the rest, though on the same footing as we rated or ship's company.

I had taken my birth in the forecastle, and Capt. Matthews took a cabin-passage from Lisbon. Otherwise our ages was the same as to the previous voyage. There was had been considerable discussion with regard to sending our ship out at this time; but in the end it was decided that there would not be much real, as her cargo was put on board, and the stores made out; and on Friday, the seventh day of June, 1811, the Minerva got under way and stood from the harbor of Salem, and a more gallant craft never left that port or any other. And I don't know which took the most pride in her, Derby or myself.

Derby fancied she was an investment, and yet I congratulated him very much on promotion, and yet I told him I was sorry to see so much. And I did feel sorry, for I knew that he was one of the best officers I ever sailed under—kind and thoughtful, and one who tried to do their duty, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to the unfortunate need. So if I had lost Sanborn, I had gained in Derby; and that was something for how could hear Jack's yarns without having to lose a song for them.

"But," said Sanborn, after reflecting awhile, "I've got a head one to pull. I was tempted by the stores of one of the best sailors that ever read a book, and if I am made chief mate Derby's place good I ought to be fit to have command."

He spoke the truth there. Many a time I wondered where he was at that moment. Perhaps in some of the bonded-men warding the white canvas of the ship he loved—of the ship that he had helped to build, and which, for that he had come so near consigning to destruction. At times I had wished that Mr. Gray had left my once more; but when I remembered that don't morning-light the locks of Eunice's hair, then thought of how he had been going on since he had reached home, I was forced to heartily-edged that the owners had done right.

It would have been impossible, or strange to have opened more pleasantly for me than did this second voyage to the Hindostan. Long, now second mate, of course came into the captain's watch; and then Philip Cummings was on our watch, too. Glorious old Philip! I loved him so much as I knew him. He had the very soul of honor and of good-will, and what he could not make of sport was not worth making.

The starboard watch was a watch worth being on, and it must have been a dark and dreary time that could have tarnished its good nature.

On the second day of July the captain brought his sextant on deck, but before the time reached position height he had occasion to go below for something, and the sextant was intermitted.

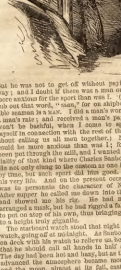
In less than three minutes after I had taken the sextant I caught the sun at its highest altitude, and when I looked at the vernier I found that so must be very near the meridian. So I directly upon it. I was about to drop a remark to that effect when Sanborn touched me upon the arm.

"Hush!" said he. "Not a word!"

I saw his eye glance in the direction of Philip Cummings, and I then remembered that the carpenter, though used for years to salt water, had never crossed the line. I held my peace, and gave the mate to understand that I "took."

A few figures showed me that we were within about fourteen minutes of the equator, and as we had wind enough to give us good steerage way, and as we were standing on our course, we should be upon the line by dark, if not before.

Philip had not the least suspicion of what was to come. As he was the only one of the crew who had never been initiated, and as he was an old seafaring, the men had, by mutual consent, kept the matter quiet, and if he had ever thought of the subject of meeting old Father Neptune, he evidently fancied that he was not to see him.



But he was not to get off without paying his dues. Just as the sun was down I saw a sail in sight, and I knew that it was the Neptune. I was more anxious for the sport than was I. (I want you to see that word, "sun," for on shipboard we also examine in a way. I did a man's work; had a man's wages, and received a man's treatment, and won't be bashful, when I come to speak of myself in connection with the ship.) I was the first officer calling us all men together.) So man could be more anxious than was I; for I had been put through the mill, and I wanted to partake of that land where Cummings had landed. He not only clung to the cannon as one descended from the main-top-gallant-yard, but he was his very life. And on the present occasion he presented himself between me and the cabin. After supper he called me down into the cabin and told me that he had not only arranged a mask, but he had engaged a false beard to put on after the mask, and bringing him up to a bright trick glass-case.

I thought the beard stood that night the first time I ever saw it. Mr. Sanborn was to relieve us, and he was to watch before we called the men. He was to go below at eight bells, and I was to be on deck with all hands. I kept on and busy, but as the night fell the excitement became intense. Philip was more, almost at his fall, cast a soft, mellow light over the deck. Sanborn was on the rest of our watch, and was very soon asleep; for a while, in fall mirth, he'd go to the awake long in his bunk after coming off watch and missing.

I slept, but not for a long time. I was aroused by the accustomed voice of Wallace Farwell, calling:

"STARBOARD WATCH AHOY!—All hands on deck!"

What a thunders the matter now, I wonder?" growled Philip, rolling out, and rubbing his eyes.

"Hurry up! Hurry up, there!"

I don't know what Farwell had been hunted in! ejaculated Philip, making for the companion-way.

"Come—tumble up, you starboard sneak-thieves!"

"Well—here we are, tumbled up at night and tight," called our old commander, as he stepped over the coamings of the hatch. "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter there came sounding upon the air, as though from the depths of the sea, a hollow voice. "Who's that?"

"Who's that?" answered Farwell.

"Philip Cummings!" was the reply.

"Good God!" he gasped, catching me by the arm, "it's Sanborn!"

"I don't know, unless it's some poor fellow drowned and washed overboard."

"WHAT WHO'S THAT?" demanded the strange voice.

And I must confess that Sanborn's voice almost startled me. It was a hollow, unearthly sentence, ring his voice down to a grim almost like the mate's. I looked, and noticed that the beard trembled; and Farwell had just given the order to "heave to," when a strange figure appeared with dusky seaweed and coral spread about his head, and a long white beard upon his breast. Up it came—up—up—up, until a ghastly face appeared above the level of the main-rail, and upon the deck. It was a form full a fathom and half in height, clad in dusky trappings, and it stood in its right hand and a speaking trumpet in its left.

"My noble sons," spoke the white and a gallant ship to have reached my domains in safety, and I welcome you all my children, or do you bring strangers to my court?"

"Hold on, Sanborn!" whispered, "there is one among us who has never had the honor of being presented to his majesty."

"Aha! is that so? Bring forth the stranger. I would behold him."

I had never yet seen Philip Cummings placed in a scrape so snug that he could not extricate himself without losing his temper; allowing that no injustice had been put upon him, and I had a strong curiosity to see how he would behave himself on the present occasion. At first Philip had been literally thunderstruck, and it was not until Old Neptune had uttered his "Aha" that he recovered sufficiently from his fear to know that was committing in the broad, rich depths of Sanborn's imagination had suddenly been intermixed to the moment the victim heard it he knew, at least, who that terrible giant was; and very effectually the whole thing was apparent to his understanding.

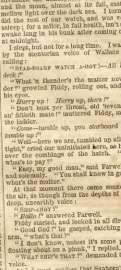
Abe Gowan upon one hand, and I upon the other, Philip was forced to the quarter-deck, and Sanborn, upon the other, led Philip forward.

"Stranger, what is thy name?" demanded Neptune.

"My name is Philip B. Cummings, your most tremendous majesty," replied the subject, so severely and beseechingly as could be.

"How old are thou?"

"Really, Mr. Monster, I couldn't tell. There were six or so in the family. My brother John, who was the eldest, was younger than I; and my brother William, from the north-west, was older; and then there was my brother Jonathan, that carried on the farm in the west, some with me in Boston—then there was a dapper twist twins, and that's each one's first—my brother Nathan and that's each one's first—my brother Nathan and myself. This was after the second perfect honesty of my self-identity that more than half the crew laughed outright, and I could see Sanborn's



face was red to get off without paying his dues. Philip was in a fearful state, and I was more anxious for the sport than was I. (I want you to see that word, "sun," for on shipboard we also examine in a way. I did a man's work; had a man's wages, and received a man's treatment, and won't be bashful, when I come to speak of myself in connection with the ship.) I was the first officer calling us all men together.) So man could be more anxious than was I; for I had been put through the mill, and I wanted to partake of that land where Cummings had landed. He not only clung to the cannon as one descended from the main-top-gallant-yard, but he was his very life. And on the present occasion he presented himself between me and the cabin. After supper he called me down into the cabin and told me that he had not only arranged a mask, but he had engaged a false beard to put on after the mask, and bringing him up to a bright trick glass-case.

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